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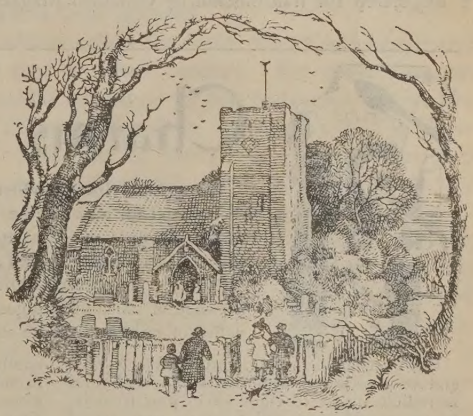

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THE FORTNIGHTLY

DECEMBER, 1947

THE TWO GIANTS

BY SIR HAROLD BUTLER

THAT bygone world which some of us knew at the beginning of the century has vanished completely. In its place another world has come to birth, whose political structure, economic organization and social values are so totally different that a comfortable Victorian who went to his grave in 1900 would be sorely perplexed to adjust himself to our present outlook, were he accorded the doubtful privilege of reincarnation. In his day there were four " great powers ", all of them European, in whose hands the destinies of the world reposed. There was Britain with its fabulous wealth and its immense Empire, still effectively centralized and directed in London; there was France, culturally supreme and despite the rankling memories of 1870 still wearing the military halo of its Napoleonic and Bourbon glories; there was the Austro-Hungarian Empire stretching from the Adriatic almost to the Black Sea, still enjoying some of the prestige of its Holy Roman tradition, though fast decaying of dry rot within. And then there was the new imperial Germany, pushful and pretentious, too noisy and martial to be ignored.

These were the " powers " in whose orbits the lesser States of Europe and Asia revolved without too much fear for their security. For some purposes Russia might be added, but it hardly belonged to the fraternity. Since the collapse of the Holy Alliance, it had only played an intermittent part in European affairs. It had never really been part of Europe or shared its spiritual heritage. Save for a few thousands of nobles and intellectuals, its people still breathed the air of medieval serfdom and illiteracy. Russian industry was insignificant and the prestige of Russian arms, already dimmed by the Crimean and Turkish wars, was grievously besmirched by the Japanese. Russia could scarcely be called a " great power " in the proper or European sense of the word except by courtesy. Nor indeed could the United States. Though respectable by virtue of its size, its growing wealth and its seventy-six million people, it took but slight interest in the rest of the world and displayed little power or inclination to interfere with the designs of the European magnates. Its military forces were negligible, adequate enough to crush the outlying flotillas and garrisons of Spain in Cuba and the Philippines, but not a serious factor in the logistics of power-politics. Its occasional gestures in favour of the " open door " or " the freedom of the seas " no doubt required humouring, but they were symptoms of commercial rather than political ambitions.

Such was the old world. Though beneath the brilliant surface seeds of dis-

ruption were beginning to germinate, western civilization dominated the universe; intellectually, economically, militarily, Europe had no rival under the sun. Its supremacy seemed secure beyond challenge, and yet in less than two generations it had withered and disappeared. As the result of two fratricidal wars the European society of nations was disrupted and brought low. By 1947, so far from directing the destinies of the other continents, it lay broken and exhausted, no longer able to control its own fate. Its four " great powers " had fallen from their high estate. The Austro-Hungarian Empire had vanished from the map. Germany, after two insensate bids for world-domination, had collapsed in rubble and ruin, the victim of her Third Empire dream, as Moeller van den Bruck, one of the Nazi prophets, had foretold. France, bled white in the first war, had crumbled under the impact of the second, and became a prey to the internal strife gnawing at its vitals. The British Empire had gone, and in its place a new commonwealth of nations had arisen, still bound together by old ties and traditions, displaying unsuspected powers of cohesions and common action in war, but unfocussed, no longer speaking with a single voice. India and Burma had claimed the right to order their own affairs in accordance with the precepts inculcated by British education. Britain itself, drained of its reserves of wealth and manpower by two crippling victories, no longer presided over the world's economic and financial arrangements, but was fitfully struggling to recover its own stability and solvency.

But as the star of Europe had waned, two new constellations had begun to dominate the firmament. The first war had transferred economic supremacy from Britain to the United States. The second war produced the astonishing spectacle of great American armies sweeping across Italy, France and Germany, and firmly establishing themselves in Vienna and Berlin. From the east came a portent of equal significance. Millions of Russians, Uzbeks, Kazaks, Mongols and other Asiatics rolled over the Polish plain, the Carpathians and the Balkan mountains, until they halted face to face with the American legions in the valleys of the Elbe and the Danube. Europe had witnessed nothing like it since the dissolution of the Roman Empire. In Asia too these two huge powers confronted each other. American fleets and armies had moved irresistibly across the Pacific, had penetrated deeply into China and had overthrown Japan, while the Russians had once more overrun Manchuria and met the outposts of the United States in Korea. At the key-points of the world these two giants stood over against each other. They had raised the conception of power to a new scale of magnitude, no longer a national but a continental scale, demanding the control of immense aggregates of men, machines and materials. They could have no peer, unless the British Commonwealth could discover a new formula of collective action and expression, whether in peace or war. The future of the world, and particularly of Europe, depended upon the relations between these two gigantic protagonists.

That is how matters now stand. These momentous events are so recent that

their meaning can hardly yet be fully grasped. We are still wondering at them, rather breathless and bewildered, trying to estimate the consequences of the revolution in world-politics which is unfolding before our eyes.

At first sight the plunge of the United States into the full flood of international affairs seems surprising and contradictory. One remembers what happened in 1919, when the American people recoiled sharply back into isolation, disowning President Wilson, repudiating the League, precipitately withdrawing its troops from the Rhineland, refusing any part in guaranteeing European stability. One remembers how, when war began to loom once more, Congress erected a legislative wall designed to immure the country in an impregnable neutrality, how President Roosevelt's warning against the dictators was scouted as " warmongering ", how in 1939 the great mass of public opinion hugged the belief that, whatever happened in Europe, America could keep out. One remembers too how the traditional sympathy for China and the traditional hostility to Japan were incapable of moving the United States from its deliberate pacifism over the rape of Manchuria, the sinking of the *Panay* or the Japanese seizure of Shanghai, Nanking and Peking.

No one who knows America can doubt for a moment that it was passionately bent on peace between the two wars—though it was just as " capitalistic " then as now. What then has happened to change the national outlook? Why has the American people, Republicans and Democrats together, now taken a leading part in creating the United Nations, and an ardent interest in all its proceedings? Why in spite of the scramble to demobilize have Americans resigned themselves to maintaining an army in Germany and Austria, as long as any other country keeps occupation forces there? Why did Congress vote some $2,000,000,000 for UNRRA, mostly devoted to the feeding and rehabilitation of eastern Europe, White Russia and the Ukraine? Why has the United States Government lent large sums to Britain, France and other allied countries and cancelled their lend-lease liabilities, instead of insisting on the repayment of " war-debts "? Why is the Administration offering further to help Europe on condition that it will help itself and making repeated efforts to rescue China from economic chaos and civil war?

These are all pertinent questions. The answer given by the Russians and their friends is that Americans have become bellicose and imperialistic overnight, but nations do not change like that. Anyone who wanders about in the drug-stores and motor-camps of America will find the people just as pacifist at heart as they were in the 'twenties or 'thirties. But they have seen and learnt much in the interval. Millions of them have fought all over the globe. They have demonstrated American power not only to the world at large, but most of all to themselves. Now they know that they cannot avoid being the greatest power and that as such they cannot avoid the consequent responsibilities. That has been a chastening reflection. Instead of an outburst of jingo pride in the " American century ", the immense achievements of the United States' forces

provoked heart-searching and misgiving. The last thing the ordinary man or woman wanted was to give their money and their sons to preserving a Pax Americana in the world. To suppose that they were bamboozled into imperialism by the " capitalist " press or that the vast majority of American businessmen were interested in anything but making and selling things in their vast home market, are notions which can only thrive as long as the outside world remains as ignorant of the American way of life as it generally is. And yet there is no doubt that the great majority of Americans are solidly behind Mr. Truman and Mr. Marshall. That is the paradox which has to be explained.

While the Communist propagandists would have us believe that the United States is practising " dollar diplomacy ", carving out new realms for the exploitation of the capitalist, others claim that the Marshall " plan " and the loan policy of the U.S. Treasury are primarily designed to maintain the volume of American exports. In the first of these hypotheses there is little substance, as Wall Street has little hold on the Democratic Party and is immensely unpopular west of the Alleghenies. In the second there is some truth, but not nearly enough to explain the broad basis of popular support, which the foreign policy of the American Government commands.

The primary aim of any foreign policy is to ensure the national security, and it is that consideration which carries most weight with the people of any country. The United States is no exception. Since its earliest days it sought to ward off any danger from Europe. Thanks to the Monroe doctrine, which in the nineteenth century largely depended for its succcess upon the silent support of the British navy, the Western hemisphere has remained inviolate, and its defence is now integrated with that of the United States. But the fear that Europe, mobilized and directed by a victorious Germany, would threaten the whole American system of security was the principal motive which drove President Wilson reluctantly into the first war. The same fear in a much more acute form propelled President Roosevelt forward towards the second. When in 1940 the western ports of France fell into German hands and there seemed a possibility that the ports of Britain and Ireland and Dakar, the spring-board for South America, would go the same way, the worst apprehensions for the safety of the United States acquired a startling actuality. Europe under the control of an aggressive military power was almost as dangerous for America as for the British Isles. In due course Washington, Philadelphia and New York became conscious of the air-menace and indulged in periodical black-outs. Before the war was ended, it was realized that the United States might be vulnerable to attack by rocket or atom-bomb or other airborne missiles launched across the Atlantic or the North Pole. These unpleasant notions were widely advertised and probably have more to do with the change in American outlook and behaviour than any other factor. When General Marshall with his unique authority had stated that " it no longer appears practical to continue what we once conceived as hemispheric defence as a satisfactory basis for our security;

we are now concerned with the peace of the entire world," the average American was prepared to believe him. He hoped for a real peace based upon a thorough understanding with Britain and the U.S.S.R. and fortified by a strong and effective United Nations. But until that hope was realized, he ruefully accepted the obligation to remain in Europe and to promote its economic recovery.

To this cautionary motive was added the missionary zeal for the democratic faith as handed down by the fathers of the Republic. The Atlantic Charter was the expression of the principles for which Americans had fought and on which alone they believed that peace could be securely founded. When those principles were openly flouted and derided by the Russian leaders, not merely on the Moscow radio, but actually from the United Nations platform in New York, when instead of free elections and the spread of personal liberty Americans saw minority parties seizing power by force and maintaining it by judicial murder and police inquisition throughout eastern Europe, the old American hatred of tyranny stiffened their resolution to oppose the expansion of Russian power.

And what of the other giant? The sudden emergence of Russia as a superpower is something of which Lenin can hardly have dreamed. Less than thirty years ago the new revolutionary régime was digesting the humiliating treaties of Brest-Litovsk and Riga. The country was utterly exhausted by the frightful upheaval through which it had passed. During the two succeeding decades, it underwent other convulsions—two devastating famines, two political massacres, the violent extinction of peasant proprietorship and the relentless drive for industrialization. On top of these successive crises had come the terrific ordeal of the war. The slaughter and devastation wrought by the Germans in Russia, with a thoroughness and a viciousness of which they alone were capable, was too great to be reducible to any accurate statistics, but its magnitude may be deduced from Mr. Zhdanov's statement that " any modern capitalist state having suffered such damage would have been thrown back decades and would have become a second-class power."

That the industrial development of the country was retarded by a generation and that for years to come the work of reconstruction would absorb all its energies and technical resources could hardly be doubted. At the outbreak of war the Soviet output of coal, steel, oil and electricity was less than a third of the American output, and whereas the war had enormously expanded the industry of the United States, it had crippled the most productive regions of the U.S.S.R. Nevertheless, the latter emerged from the conflict with a military prestige and a political power, which no Czar had ever commanded. Its two great enemies to the west and the east had been struck down. Its western frontiers had been secured against any European aggression by the re-absorption of the Baltic States, the annexation of Königsberg, eastern Poland, Ruthenia, Bukovina and Bessarabia. In the Far East the Kurile Islands, Saghalin, Port

Arthur and the Manchurian Railway had been secured as bastions. Some twenty-five million people had been added to the Soviet Empire, and though some of these accretions could hardly be reconciled with the terms of the Atlantic Charter, no one was in a position to dispute them.

Nor was this the limit of the Russian revival. The victorious passage of the Red Armies through eastern Europe and liberated the Slav States of Poland, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, and subjugated Finland, Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary. None of these countries could claim any effective independence of Russian policy, as long as Russian troops remained on their soil or poised significantly on their borders. No one could doubt that the Russian Empire was more secure than at any time in its history. With the forces of the United States shrinking rapidly under irresistible popular pressure, with the British forces contracting with equal rapidity under the spur of financial inanition and dearth of industrial manpower, there was no possible menace to the Soviet realm. With a vast programme of reconstruction on its hands it was confidently expected to co-operate with the western powers in restoring peace, freedom and stability to Europe, and in buttressing the authority of the United Nations.

These agreeable anticipations have not been realized. Instead the actions and the propaganda of the Russian directorate since Yalta seem to have been designed to create an unending struggle for world-power between west and east. In view of the disparity of their industrial strength, it is improbable that the Soviet leaders contemplate any armed conflict with the United States in the near future, but they may very well hope to win a series of bloodless victories in Asia and in Europe by the subversive tactics, which paid Hitler so well in Austria and the Balkans. The appeal of communism is more potent and better staged than that of fascism. It commanded a great deal of sympathy in eastern Europe, where the peasants and industrial workers had suffered acutely under the dictators and crypto-dictators of the 'thirties. It has an insidious attraction in any country which is in economic distress and political chaos such as the war has bequeathed to so many nations of Europe and Asia. The methods by which such situations can be exploited are scientifically expounded in the Soviet textbooks on the art of revolution, and are enthusiastically applied by disciples fired with the fanaticism of the faith or the lust for personal power.

But the antipathy between the two giants is not just the antagonism between capitalism and communism; it goes much deeper. No doubt the Russian leaders are profoundly convinced of Lenin's dictum that "it is inconceivable that the Soviet republic should continue for a long period side by side with imperialist states; ultimately one or the other must conquer." But that is not the whole of their difference with the west, or even its most fundamental feature. The United States is cast in the European mould of thought. Its law, culture and social philosophy are derived from European sources. Though

they have enriched the content of western civilization and enlarged its horizons, Americans infallibly belong to it. The opposite is true of the Russians. They have passed through none of the crucial experiences which went to form the ethos of the west-Roman administration, Christendom, the Renaissance, the rise of democracy, the industrial revolution. Until 1755 Russia had no university; until 1917 it knew no rule but oriental despotism working through a servile bureaucracy and an arbitrary police. It has known no other rule since. There is no instinct or understanding for freedom as known in the west, and therefore little desire for it. Moreover, there are two atavistic forces which have always offered a powerful opposition to western influences—the Orthodox Church, the secular enemy of Rome, and the Slav *mystique*. Both these forces were mobilized during the war. The resurgence of the Slav race and its spectacular triumph over the Teutons after 500 years of defeat gave the Russians a sense of national mission and power comparable to that which had transformed the outlook of the United States.

And so the world lies in the shadow of these two continental powers—alike conscious of their newly discovered strength, imbued with deep-seated traditions and habits of thought which could not be more radically antipathetic. But each has its characteristic weaknesses. The Russian Empire is still held together by the rigid bonds of a totalitarian dictatorship rather than by the natural cohesion of a well-knit society. It is still industrially and socially backward, still suffering from the economic and spiritual devastation of the war. Its external aggressiveness may well be calculated to conceal those internal stresses. The United States has yet to acquire the constitutional techniques, which will enable it to act with speed and effect without submitting every decision to a popular referendum and protracted congressional debate. Though it has made much headway towards framing a national policy, it has yet to prove its capacity to pursue it consistently in spite of the agitations and caprices, which distract the purposes of any democratic government, but to which American political life is particularly prone. What may be the outcome of the contest between these two super-powers, no one can foretell. Upon them hangs the fate of Europe—whether it can preserve the freedom of thought and the supremacy of the individual to which it first gave birth, whether its ideals can slowly penetrate the Soviet barriers now being so feverishly cemented against them, or whether they will gradually be crushed out by the juggernaut of the all-powerful state, denying the right of private lives. These are the issues which find their most absolute expression in the Russian and American ideologies. There may perhaps be some middle way, for which this country and others are obscurely groping, but its discovery would not solve the problem of peace. Neither Russians nor Americans believe that there is any halfway-house between free enterprise and complete state socialism, nor are they attracted by the notion. Through its own dissensions Europe has disqualified itself for leadership. That rôle, like the continent itself, is now in dispute between the two new giants.

AUSTRALIA'S FOREIGN POLICY

By Werner Levi

THE foreign policy of every nation is characterized by certain basic principles, which change very slowly in the course of time. There may be deviations now and then, but in the long run these principles are followed even in the face of sometimes rather radical changes in the internal polity of a nation. A discussion of Australia's policy with this approach in mind will lead to a destruction of the myth that an Australian foreign policy is itself a very recent phenomenon. The statement is often made that Australian foreign policy dates back to the Westminster Statute of 1931 or is of even more recent date. Such a proposition is true at the most in a very formal sense only. As long as Australia was colonial territory and during her early decades as a dominion, Australian governments had at first no right and later neither machinery nor experience to conduct foreign policy independently. The British Foreign Office was relied upon formally to take care of Australian interests in international affairs. Here, however, in practice was the limit of London's authority. The Foreign Office was free only to act on Australia's behalf and, at most, to adapt Australia's interests to the broader British and Empire interests, usually with Australian tacit or explicit agreement. But the decision on what Australia's interests were, was usually made in Australia.

At all times there was a group of Australians greatly concerned with their country's international position. They not only presented their view-points in London, but frequently succeeded in putting pressure upon the Foreign Office and in influencing Empire policy. Few cases indeed could be cited to prove that London disregarded any feelings which Australians chose to express on any aspect of Australian, British, or Empire policy. From the beginning of the settlement at Botany Bay a constant exchange of ideas on foreign relations took place between England and Australia, requiring at the Australian end the formation of definite opinions representing the beginnings of a foreign policy.

This division of labour—the making of foreign policy in Australia and its execution in England—led unquestionably to an adulteration of what might otherwise have become a pure and more obvious Australian foreign policy; Australia's foreign policy was integrated as an indistinct part of Empire policy most of the time. Nevertheless, Australians developed a foreign policy at a very early date containing principles which have changed very little throughout the last one hundred and fifty years and which still apply to-day, if not in every detail, at least basically and in the long run.

Geographic isolation has exercized the most pronounced and permanent influence upon Australia's foreign policy. Among the intelligentsia, at least, it has created a feeling of frustration over the lack of contact with the outside world. It has given to many Australians a somewhat insular outlook on world affairs. It is responsible for an almost desperate reluctance to abandon any aspect of the mother country's way of life; in spite of prominent exceptions, the country's cultural development is still dependent upon Great Britain. Isolation has further had the paradoxical result of leaving vast sections of the population unconcerned with foreign affairs, yet simultaneously making them afraid of aggression in their loneliness.

This feeling of helplessness in the face of a determined attack was brought to the colony by the early settlers, and has never disappeared. In all Australian debates on foreign relations there has always been an undertone of fear which breaks forth at the slightest provocation. Fear is the *leitmotif* of Australian thinking on foreign policy, and Australian minds never lack a potential aggressor. At a very early period in the country's history, France and the United States were suspected. Russia and Germany were added during the second half of the nineteenth century, the period of strongest western imperialism in the Pacific. Later, China and Japan replaced the western powers. Now, Indonesia, India, China, and even Japan are feared as threats. In many cases these potential dangers were clearly imaginary and not taken very seriously by most Australians. But they served as talking points to obtain popular support for certain policies whose central point had crystallized as early as 1827 in an editorial of the *Sydney Gazette*: Australia needs a safety region surrounding the continent; no foreign power must therefore be permitted to gain influence among the islands in the immediate neighbourhood of Australia.

Ever since, Australian governments have sought to maintain such a safety belt. They were extremely sensitive on this point, and every slight by a British government in this respect was a most important cause of tension between the colony and the mother country. Regional security remains to-day a cornerstone of Australian foreign policy. The Anzac Pact of 1944, the South Pacific Commission created in 1947, the demand for (*de facto*) sole trusteeship over Nauru and other Australian mandated territories, the refusal to give up sovereignty over Manus Island in favour of the United States are expressions of continuing attempts to create such security. This policy, which the *Gazette* suggested, which has been elaborated upon in speeches and articles ever since, was recently expressed in typical and up-to-date fashion by an editorial in the *Bulletin*: New Guinea, Fiji, New Zealand, the Moluccas, and Singapore, the weekly said, "have become merged by conquest of problems of time and distance into Australia's domestic defence system, and Australia must be prepared to take a permanent share in their defence." A speaker in Parliament went even further when he hinted at the need to include the Near East in Australia's zones of vital concern. Throughout a century and a half the

principle has remained unchanged: the ocean surrounding Australia has never been considered a perfect defence but rather a wide open approach for the convenient use of invaders upon which they must be stopped.

A considerable increase in the Australian population could assuage many of these anxieties. Every Australian is aware of this. Immigration has been a problem with Australia for many decades, and every facet of it has been thoroughly discussed. The need for more people to guarantee the country's progress and safety has been accepted virtually unanimously. But as members of special interest groups, many Australians, for different reasons, objected to the influx of new citizens. One eternal dilemma has been that most Australians want their country to become a first-class power—if only to lose their fears—yet are unwilling to pay the price, especially in the form of opening the gates to large-scale immigration.

The arguments against immigration are numerous and varied. They range from the old fallacy that immigrants take jobs from the natives to the doubt that "non-British" immigrants can be adjusted, from the demagogic slogan that immigrants have a sly way of monopolizing the best opportunities to the possibility that subversive elements slip into the country. Adapted to the problems of the day, these arguments have remained the same throughout the decades, and after they are all added up, a few places, undesired by Australians, would be available to those immigrants who might willingly restrict themselves to these places. A recent cartoon in an Australian paper, showing a group of robots descending an immigrant ship and headlined "Desirable Immigrants" gave striking expression to this situation, which is, in fact, severely criticized by a considerable section of the Australian public.

The most potent arguments in favour of immigration have always been strategic considerations. They played on the fears of Australians, and succeeded in overcoming at least some of the usual objections. On the whole, however, they only led to a compromise solution which consisted of opening the doors of Australia a little wider to British as well as to some other carefully selected, mostly "northern European" immigrants; to those immigrants, in other words, of whom there are the fewest and who would have the least motive for leaving their own country. As a result, the arrival of "desirable" immigrants in Australia has always only amounted to a thin trickle and is most unsatisfactory from the strategic standpoint. Military considerations in the present world situation becoming more and more the primary concern of the public in relation to immigration policy, the Government was able to agree recently to the admission of 4,000 displaced persons in 1947 and 12,000 per annum for several years thereafter on a rather select basis. However, in spite of the present Australian Government's sympathetic attitude toward immigration, and in spite of growing public opinion in favour of a less restrictive and selective immigration policy, there is as yet no reason to believe that the basic animosity of many if not the majority of Australians against the influx

of " foreigners " will change to any considerable degree. There still exists a deep, strong feeling against a broad immigration scheme, and until this disappears the Australian paradox between big power ambitions and small power means will continue. This vicious circle of under-population, leading to fear of being " flooded ", leading to highly selective immigration policy, leading to under-population, can only be broken by a definite choice regarding plans and their implications for Australia's future, but this choice most Australians have hitherto refused to make.

In the course of time, the " White Australia Policy " has developed beyond a restriction upon oriental immigrants. It has now become in the minds of many Australians, though by no means all, a defence mechanism against all kinds of immigrants, and it is variously used as a protection against " cheap labour ", " non-unionized labour ", " non-Anglo-Saxon " immigrants or all three together. While the White Australia Policy is formally directed and most frequently applied against oriental immigrants, its deeper roots and strength of survival lie more in the extremely strong belief in " Anglo-Saxondom " than in the immigration question proper.

This pride in the nation's Anglo-Saxon character might well be called another permanent principle in Australia's foreign policy. Most Australians are constantly aware of their" Anglo-Saxon " stock, and are drawing far reaching, if unscientific, conclusions from it. This idea is the sentimental foundation of the White Australia Policy, and seems originally responsible for a widespread mentality which discriminates not only against Asiatic peoples, at least within Australia, but regards all foreigners, including sometimes Englishmen, with great suspicion and scepticism.

Geographic isolation with its resultant cultural isolation and the proximity of the feared " yellow races " can largely explain the constant stress on " Anglo-Saxondom " in much Australian thinking, speaking, and writing. In psychological terms this attitude may be interpreted as a defence reaction or over-compensation. For it is normally accompanied by feelings of superiority, desires to remain " racially " pure, and other elements which are typical of the behaviour of minority groups struggling for survival in surroundings of different culture. The more conservative section of the Australian people has always been fearfully preoccupied by the thought that their continent has irresistible attractions to the teeming millions of Asia, anxious to flood Australia as soon as relaxation of colonial rule will permit them to do so. These Australians, especially, frequently find pleasure in the rôle of " outposts of western civilization " which serves them not only as a justification for paternalistic benevolence toward the " backward " neighbouring peoples, but also as an inspiration to overcome anxieties caused by their isolation.

This attitude has had a number of practical effects upon Australia's foreign policy, which are still noticeable to-day. One of them is resentment towards Australia by those nations—particularly Asiatic ones—against which the

White Australia Policy discriminates. Abroad, among the peoples discriminated against, this policy is interpreted as a purely racial one, creating a dilemma for those Australians who wish to exclude certain immigrants for non-racial reasons, such as cultural differences, cheap labour, and so on. For they realize that the Australian policy provokes animosity among Asiatic peoples especially, who may react violently as soon as they are free. And this development in turn creates a dilemma among those Australians who discriminated on frankly racial bases by increasing the very fears which were originally responsible for the White Australia Policy.

The growing nationalism and self-government among the peoples of Asia is for all these reasons making actual the traditional problems of Australia, especially in regard to its relations with neighbouring countries, with some curious results. On the one hand, the advocates of strong colonial control over the natives of Asia are increasing their following among the public. They are upset about the freedom given to India, and they are furious at the Australian labour unions who support the Indonesian cause by strikes against ships carrying supplies to the Dutch armies. They consider both acts suicidal. On the other hand, those who have always counselled that an understanding with the "natives" and friendly relations are the best guarantee for the survival of a "white" Australia have also improved their standing with the public, and attacks upon the discriminatory policy on a racial basis can be found more frequently and outspokenly in the Australian press. Interestingly enough, though, many of these attacks are not based on considerations of equality, humanitarian principles, or the destruction of unscientific race theories, but on the very expedient consideration of the smaller evil.

The idea of "Anglo-Saxondom" also explains, in part, the Australian attachment to England. Obviously, personal contacts between Australians and Englishmen, reciprocal trade, mutual defence arrangements are causes of close relations between the two countries. But beyond these more materialistic aspects there is a strong sentimental bond tying the two countries together which is still exercising a great influence upon Australia's foreign policy. Here again, the urge to be part of the western world, and the determination to be recognized as a participant in Western civilization, may be the deeper cause for closeness to England desired by so many Australians in cultural as well as political matters.

Whenever an Australian government's policy seemed to deviate from Anglo-Australian co-operation, protests were immediate and strong. Notwithstanding occasional agitation for separation from England, especially during the period of growth of the colonies into adulthood, such an idea never was popular, and was employed even by the agitators as a threat rather than a policy. This did not prevent groups and parties from using the issue for their own purposes, and to-day the Opposition criticizes the Government's foreign policy mainly for its "isolationism" which, in Australian affairs, means in-

sufficient collaboration with Great Britain. Traditionally, every Australian step toward independence of action in the field of foreign affairs was accompanied by accusations of betrayal of the mother country. In fact, no Australian government has ever yet attempted to conduct a policy independent of Great Britain or the Empire. The Labour Party usually inclines toward greater independence than its Opposition, and there is to-day at Canberra a strong inclination to pursue an "Australian" foreign policy. But the historical dispute between the parties over this question has never really been whether or not there should be co-operation but rather how much of it. The words and deeds of the present Labour Government confirm its intention to work together with Great Britain and the Empire in international affairs. *Realpolitik* alone dictates such procedure, for even within labour ranks "Anglo-Saxon" feeling is strong, and without Empire backing Australia's present status in world affairs could hardly be maintained. This is equally obvious to the Labour and opposition parties, and there is no serious disagreement between them on questions of foreign relations. Proof of this may be found in the fact that foreign policy has never been an important election issue.

One further result of Australia's strong belief in "Anglo-Saxondom" is the occasional misinterpretation of American foreign policy. From very early times hoped for or existing friendship between the two countries was founded in Australian minds on "Anglo-Saxon affinities". Much Australian wishful thinking about American assistance in case of need was encouraged by the thought that the "Anglo-Saxon cousins" across the ocean would come to the rescue. There was even a belief among a number of Australians that eventually American and Australian Pacific policy must always be identical because basically the motives and aims, as well as the enemies, of all "Anglo-Saxon" nations must be identical. Often, these Australians encountered differences of opinion and even policy with the United States, and were disappointed or even resentful, but never disabused. Outstanding examples of such situations were the Far Eastern policy of the United States in the early 1900's, when in spite of racial difficulties in California, America was more conciliatory toward Japan than Australians expected to see, and American neutrality in the 1914-1918 war was an even more severe blow. America's present "soft" policy toward Japan again evokes some disappointment on the same "racial" grounds.

Out of this mentality—the "small power complex" as some Australians themselves called it—grew another permanent principle of Australia's foreign policy: an extraordinary sensitiveness to any neglect or slight by other powers. An opinion has been expressed in Australia that this is merely a feature of the present Government or some of its members. However, such an opinion overlooks much contrary evidence from Australian history. The activities of the present Government to procure a prominent place among the nations for Australia is a dramatic illustration of this sensitivity rather than a novel departure from Australian practice. The difference between to-day and the

past is that Australian foreign policy now is a matter of international record, whereas before it remained unknown as a " family affair " within the Empire.

Much of the official correspondence between Australia and London during colonial and dominion days is filled with complaints that the Australian viewpoint was insufficiently considered in the making of Empire policy. When, in the early days of the settlement, for instance, the colonists were prohibited from trading with the United States, missives to London were full of reproaches and outbursts of displeasure; again, Australians were furious over British apathy in the face of German and French imperialism in the Pacific in the nineteenth century; British acquiescence in Japan's 1914-1918 war policy provoked strong criticism; and Dr. Evatt's statement in June 1947 that Southeastern Asia and the Pacific fail to receive " their rightful place in British political thinking," with which was coupled a bid for Australian leadership in the Pacific policy of the Empire, fits into this traditional pattern.

While thus it can be maintained that a day to day adoption of basic principles has been performed in Australian foreign policy while the principles themselves have remained essentially intact, the formal and administrative framework in which this policy found expression has undergone considerable changes. This development was to be expected as Australian independence from Great Britain grew, and it has received a strong stimulus from present world conditions and the arrival of the Labour Government.

Parliamentary debates on international affairs, while still rare, are becoming more frequent. Not counting occasional discussions, three full-dress debates took place between 1941 and 1947. Cabinet officers who had hardly ever left Australian shores are now travelling extensively over the whole world, making personal contacts and gaining foreign experience. In order to provide qualified personnel for the active conduct of foreign relations, the Department of External Affairs established a training scheme for " Diplomatic Cadets ". The statistics of the Department itself are impressive. In 1939 it had seventeen members on its staff; now that number has reached over two hundred and thirty. In the same year Australia had permanent missions in London and Washington; now, with about twenty-six missions, Australia is represented in all major countries of the world.

Popular interest in foreign affairs is lagging behind these governmental efforts, although there are indications that it is increasing. The press is supplying a very small volume of foreign news, and those eager to be informed must take refuge in a few periodical publications devoted in whole or part to world affairs. The somewhat surprising contradiction in the life of the Australian people is that their attitudes are largely determined by the geographic and especially political relations of their continent with the rest of the world, but that nevertheless they are showing little interest in understanding let alone influencing, these relations.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS

I France

THE democratic process of elections can never be more than a rough and ready means of ascertaining the popular will. It has, above all, a negative significance, indicating clearly—a collective growl, as it were—what a nation does *not* want. At moments of high tension even the humdrum matter of choosing municipal councillors can be made to serve this purpose. The classic example in our time was the thunderclap of municipal elections in Spain in April 1931, when the nation registered a resounding vote of no-confidence in Alfonso XIII and the House of Bourbon, and Republican candidates received a majority in forty-nine out of the fifty provincial capitals of Spain. A similar adventitious political significance attached to the municipal elections held in France on the last two Sundays of October, when the large towns, including Paris, registered forty per cent. vote for General de Gaulle's *Rassemblement du Peuple Français* as, above all, a gesture of national repudiation of Communism. There are plenty of good reasons why General de Gaulle, and not the other non-Communist parties that have ruled the roost since 1945, should have been the beneficiary of the nation's growl: the important fact however, is the ordinary Frenchman's desire to express with his vote his feelings of vehement dissatisfaction, with high prices, etc., but mainly with the Communist ascendancy. Behind the whirling words there is an essentially French situation which the French will deal with in their own way. The French, we should remember,—unlike the Spaniards—are a politically adult people. Just as the ascendancy of the *Parti Communiste*, still the largest single party in the National Assembly, in the immediate post-war period never meant that France was hell-bent for a Soviet State in which the traditional values of individual freedom and popular sovereignty were doomed to extinction, so, to-day, whatever one may think of General de Gaulle's project for a revised constitution on the American pattern, there is really no warrant for associating him in our minds with Fascism, still less now that his movement, besides capturing the votes of the notoriously selfish business folk, contains a considerable proportion of sympathizers from the Radical-Socialist, M.R.P. and Socialist camps. That is to adopt lock, stock and barrel the word-armoury of the Communists and to miss altogether the significance of recent developments.

France's problems, like our own, are primarily economic: a chronic condition of inflation, with the well-known vicious spiral of mounting prices and wages, and a formidably unbalanced budget. This situation, which is inherent in the

circumstances of our time, is indeed aggravated, for France, by pernicious habits of defiance of the law, and amorality (by our standards!) of economic administration, learnt or at any rate fatally encouraged by the German occupation. The chief danger-signal is the continuous rise of agricultural prices. Failure to check this was the prime cause of the petering out of the Blum experiment in the first quarter of 1947, and since then the weather has done its worst, with a crop-wrecking drought following upon last winter's extreme cold, to reduce the home supply of cereals.

The clue to General de Gaulle's overriding purpose may be found, I suggest, in an observation by Mr. John Foster Dulles, chief adviser to the U.S. delegation, on his return from the Moscow Conference. "Now we understand", he is reported to have said, "how Soviet foreign policy works . . . The Russians do not expect success over the conference table; they are staking everything on penetrating the political and industrial organizations of other countries." A truism, if you like: but only in France has the idea been carried to its logical conclusion. Granted the premise of the 'cold war' between the United States and Soviet Russia, which is the central fact of our time, it is evident that this new sort of political warfare which consists in infiltration—the French term is *noyautage*—requires a new strategy of defence. (The Nazis' fifth-column was, after all, only an imitation of and refinement upon a Russian original.) Quite simply General de Gaulle and his advisers set out to devise a means of parrying Communist pressure on the Government, and on the French political system as a whole, by counter-pressure from the other side, thus seeking to halt the process of *noyautage*. General de Gaulle, *le premier résistant*, is to be regarded as the pioneer of this political strategy, as he was in the struggle for the soul of France in 1940. The logical Frenchman surveying the international scene to-day may be forgiven for reaching the conclusion (which I personally regard as mistaken) that a conflict between America, as the embodiment of Western civilization, and Russia is inevitable within a period of years and consequently making sure that this time France shall be politically prepared for war—and her position secured in the Western camp where she belongs. Whether or not the situation has to be envisaged in terms of actual war, the job of the *Rassemblement du Peuple Français* at present is thus one of decontamination.

It was thanks to the existence of this counter-pressure potential that M. Ramadier and his colleagues were able last May to strike the first blow against the ascendancy of the Communists. The troubles in Indo-China and Madagascar, together with warning signals from North Africa, had revealed the alarming extent to which Communist agitators had succeeded in undermining France's authority as an Imperial Power. Patriotic feelings were profoundly shocked, and the contrast with the outward respectability of M. Thorez and his comrades, and the support they were giving then to the production campaign, were duly noted. Nevertheless the three-party (M.R.P., Socialists and Com-

munists) coalition Government survived that shock by the curious expedient of the Communist Ministers abstaining while the ordinary Party deputies (and some of the left-wing Socialists) voted against the Government policy. Over economic policy no such face-saving compromise was possible: for M. Ramadier was only too painfully aware of the Communists' strength in the country as well as in the Assembly: through their control of the key-positions in the C.G.T. they looked like having it in their power to paralyse the whole programme of reconstruction. When the Communist Party leaders backed the strike in the State-controlled Renault works, they exposed their hand: it became a question, indeed, as M. Ramadier said at the time, whether the existing Parliamentary régime, the Fourth Republic itself, in the image of the present Constitution, could survive the threatened economic disruption. The much-maligned Constitution revealed an unsuspected strength. The precedent was established that a Government does not resign, cannot constitutionally do so, so long as it secures a vote of confidence from the Assembly. And so the Cabinet shed the load: for the Communist Ministers it was only poetic justice, since they had made it clear that they did not accept the doctrine of collective responsibility of the Cabinet. That was the first serious blow to the French Communists: they lost their Parliamentary position and they have failed signally to recover it. The second discomfiture has come from a realization that inside the French trade unions they can no longer call the tune: it is estimated, indeed, that, while by zeal and superior tactics they had come to control some four-fifths of the working-class organizations, they have never had more than half of the actual membership. There does seem to have been a reaction against Communist domination inside the unions, and the Government skilfully exploited it. Then came the communiqué accompanying announcement of the "Cominform" which made nonsense of MM. Thorez and Duclos' masquerading as good patriotic Frenchmen rather than servants of Moscow—*et tu Brute*! The party line had to change overnight, and thenceforth all the emphasis was on the fearful consequences for France of American imperialism—with hysterical appeals in the name of Republican solidarity to oppose the apprentice-dictator (General de Gaulle), the harbinger of Fascism. What happened at the municipal elections showed that that cock will not fight. The Communists will no doubt intensify their working-class agitation and prepare for violent action, but as a Parliamentary force they would appear to have shot their bolt.

Now, the chief credit for this evolution of French political opinion belongs, of course, to Mr. Marshall. The Ramadier Government deserved praise for standing its ground and so promptly seizing the opportunity of the Paris Conference on European Economic Co-operation. But—let us be honest—the challenge of the R.P.F. on the side-lines was a powerful lever in their hands. General de Gaulle has been free to say those things in his speeches about the "monstrous conformism" of the Communists, etc., which the Governmental

parties could not say: the next step was to dub them " separatists " who exclude themselves from the fundamental task of national union by the fact that they take their orders from Moscow. It will be difficult for the left-wing supporters of the present régime to reverse the charge and condemn General de Gaulle as a mere instrument of U.S. policy. His whole record, in any case, belies it. And, as a matter of fact, in the opening speech of his municipal election campaign at Bayonne on September 7, the General made his own position clear. Without beating about the bush he warned his fellow-countrymen against expecting too much in the way of help from the Americans and the Americans against ignoring the vital interests of France in the settlement of the German problem.

While General de Gaulle continues to insist that he will only act" outside differences of opinion " and " within the framework of the law " no one will deny the danger of the dynamic to which he stands committed: many of the men around him do not share his own simplicity of purpose and integrity. At bottom, nevertheless, he is giving expression to the old French dream of a Government which is somehow above party without abolishing parties or gravely curtailing liberties—embodied, for example, successfully in Clemenceau and unsuccessfully in the rather pathetic efforts of Gaston Doumergue in 1935. In his press statement after the elections, on October 27, while scoring many good points, he may be thought to have already over-played his hand. On the strength of the municipal voting which, I repeat, was primarily a gesture of anti-Communism, he demanded that the Government should throw up the sponge and that the Assembly should dissolve itself on the assumption that a two-thirds majority could be found to call for such a dissolution and leave the way clear for a general election. The final voting on the Constitution, nine million for, eight million against, and some eight million abstentions seemed, superficially, to justify the demand for constitutional reform. But it is not so simple as that. Where General de Gaulle is right is in hammering away at the fact that, when all is said and done, France's main political problem remains unresolved: how to graft on to the traditional system of French Parliamentary democracy some equivalent to the factors of stability, provided in this country by the Crown and Cabinet Government. The Third Republic was no more successful than Louis Philippe or Napoleon III in establishing a satisfactory working relationship between executive and legislature, between Government and Parliament: it began indeed with the mortgage of a sense of frustration induced by Louis Napoleon's betrayal of the Republic—which has resulted in an almost pathological distrust of a strong executive in any form. This is still to-day, as Dr. David Thomson put it in his valuable book,* " the embarrassing skeleton in the political cupboard " of modern France—a deeply-rooted prejudice against which General de Gaulle may well battle in vain.

The French political parties are thus put on the spot. They have not only to put the country's economic house in order but also to find some means

* *Democracy in France.*

of remedying what is a deep-seated constitutional malaise. No throwing-over of Proportional Representation in favour of the English electoral system or something like it will meet the case: nor can one ever see Frenchmen adopting anything like the American presidential system, with two heterogeneous parties. Something might be done, on the other hand, by borrowing from the political system that obtains in Switzerland—it is amazing that Continental States have always sought to imitate the British or the French system and ignored the Swiss example of constitutional and democratic government. But the remedy lies in the hands of the new Premier. For all the siren voices from America and the objurgations of the Communist demagogues Frenchmen will take very good care to heed the exhortation of President Vincent Auriol in his great speech at Marseilles on October 7: "*Ne modelons pas la division intérieure du pays sur les divisions du monde.*" There are stormy days ahead, but, short of a further catastrophic decline in the economic situation, which American aid should avert, there is no need to despair of French political wisdom—and General de Gaulle might well content himself with the rôle of gadfly which he so admirably fulfils.

WILLIAM RYDAL.

II BRITAIN

That "collective growl" was loud in Britain when the municipal results were announced after polling on November 1. Before the 1939-1945 war, and in spite of the Labour Party's efforts to make them otherwise, local elections outside London were seldom national barometers. Usually there was a small poll—between twenty and forty per cent. of the electorate—the voters being much more concerned with the not too incompetent government of their counties, towns or districts than they were with party political issues. In those days—the good old days as some of us feel—"independents" or "Ratepayers' Association" candidates were often accused by their opponents of being camouflaged Conservatives but if this were partly true (and most of them did in fact vote on the right in Parliamentary elections) it was nevertheless obvious that many of them had been attracted to local government by interest in the job and without thought of promoting a political programme dictated by any Central Office. They were conservative, perhaps, but not Conservatives and, when occasion arose, they stood shoulder to shoulder in sturdy independence of Whitehall.

For the time being at least and probably for ever—for the link between central and local government is by recent legislation now much tighter—all that has changed. The municipal elections of 1947 were fought, more than ever before, on party lines. For local affrays the poll was huge, though without reflecting an increased interest in local problems. It was—a growl. As in the General Election of 1945, when the extent of the turnover surprised the prophets, so in 1947 the sweeping Conservative gains in the municipal elections were unexpectedly large. The Labour Party was shocked, tremulous though

it must have been before the event, and the jubilation of the Conservatives afterwards told its own tale. An analysis of the results in England and Wales showed:

	Gains	*Losses*
CONSERVATIVE	643	18
LABOUR	43	695
LIBERAL	46	47
COMMUNIST	nil	9
INDEPENDENT	172	135

and in Scotland, after elections on November 4, Labour lost still more seats.

In England and Wales Labour, by their losses, forfeited the control of twenty-three councils and by their gains captured one; in Scotland they lost control in a further ten with a gain or two. Liberals, as the table shows, held their meagre own, Communists were rejected and the Independents, though on balance the gainers, could generally count their wins as votes against the Left and their losses as defeats by the Right.

All newspapers commented on the results, drawing varying conclusions. *The Times* wrote: "It is certain that on Saturday many, probably most, voters were thinking rather of their disappointment with the fruits of the Government's policy than of the needs of local housing or of a new borough library." *The Economist* argued: "The swing is almost certainly mainly the work of that disregarded "submerged tenth"—the middle class, middle-of-the-way section of the electorate, whose feeling and voting influence have been so studiously ignored by the Government." It added pedagogically: "The risks run by the Government in ignoring them have frequently been pointed out in these pages." *The Manchester Guardian* thought that the judgment would probably be "that the Government is not carrying a very large section of the people, probably a majority, with it in its measures for dealing with the crisis." Like *The Times* it drew attention to Labour's losses in the industrial towns. The *Daily Herald* announced the results as a "setback". They were "emphatically not a 'landslide'," nor did they "give any ground for the excited yelp of 'General Election now!' raised yesterday by Lord Woolton, the Tory propaganda chief."

That the election results did proclaim a widespread discontent over the trials of peace is obvious; the polling figures alone of fifty to seventy-five per cent. were proof enough of this. Nothing but serious discontent, or fear, will bring so many to the polls. But the hard work of the Tory machine under Lord Woolton and the well-organized enthusiasm of Conservatives in the boroughs must not be overlooked. Conditions, as it happened, were in favour of the Conservative campaign—with many housewives ready to vote in local elections for the first time—but the Conservative machine was standing ready to take advantage of them and it was the increased Conservative vote and not a drop in Labour's which really turned the scale. The comparative youthfulness of many of the Conservative candidates and helpers was particularly noticeable.

Nevertheless it would be a mistake to draw more than passing conclusions

rom the results. What might happen to-day in a General Election is no sure guide to the events of tomorrow. The important factor in any election is that t takes place at one moment of time, when emotions aroused on what are in a political lifetime transitory issues dictate the outcome. All that can safely be deduced is that the public, and particularly perhaps the housewife and the middle classes generally, is greatly dispirited by the growing burden of restrictions and shortages which it is asked to shoulder in its daily life. Nor is it convinced that the world economic situation is responsible for all or even most of its trials. A wrongly conceived autumn budget, which does not meet the country's needs and the propensity of the Labour Party to fiddle with such measures as the Parliament Bill while Britain burns, rightly causes dismay and indignation at such a time.

The essential weaknesses of the present Government seem to be twofold. First, they remain, in spite of wider backing at the General Election, a party caucus too conscious or too frightened of their own tail; and, secondly, the division in their own ranks leads to the kind of compromise in legislation which is half-hearted in its aim. The fact is that the Government knows better than it does but will not do better until dissentient minority views are weeded out. It is not a question of right or wrong but of pursuing one policy and not two. This means that sooner or later a break must come between the left elements of the Labour Party and those who prefer, even if only for the present, a consolidating moderation. From a Party point of view the possibility of that break makes the current situation delicate though the municipal elections should have strengthened Mr. Attlee's hand.

Socialism is with us whoever rules. It is a choice of who shall administer the dose and how much shall be put in the spoon. But socialism has always tended to leave human nature out of account and it is from this omission that the Government and the country is suffering now. The country is badly in need of spiritual resurgence and it is the party or combination of parties which can meet this need that will rule. The tonic, which some expected to get from nationalization and from the implementation of popular measures of social reform, has proved disappointing as a stimulant. Nor can we expect, however much we sympathize, that Sir Stafford Cripps's prayer, given in his great House of Commons speech on October 23, would be a welcome alternative.* For most the socialist revolution has been dreary because for sinful man the prime incentive—personal reward for personal effort or bettering one's lot—has been missing. Catch phrases, such as "equality of opportunity" and "parity of esteem" have their uses when there is enough for everyone and some besides; they are empty vessels when there is not.

Mr. Churchill made great play during the debate on the second reading of

* Sir Stafford said: "I wish that to-day our country could refresh its heart and mind with a deep draught of that Christian faith which has come down to us over 2,000 years and has over those centuries inspired the peoples of Europe to fresh efforts and new hopes."

the Parliament Bill on the theme: "It is not Parliament that should rule. It is the people who should rule." No doubt he believes that a General Election would return the Conservatives to power and no doubt it would if the only alternative to the present Government was a Conservative one. But is that the only alternative and is it the will of the people that it should be so? Politicians are notoriously selfish and, by nature of their trade, arrogant. The idea of coalition seldom appeals to them and at the necessary times they have to be forced into one by circumstance. That circumstance is present now but it is rejected for no better reason than that Westminster experienced a coalition for some years and the politicians grew tired of it. The country may have a different opinion. From the fields and the factories the view of Westminster is seen in outline, free from the distorting mirrors that surround its members. Democracy is slow to learn but perhaps it has learnt enough to know that at such a time all the available brains at Westminster united for a common purpose of saving the country would not be too great for the task.

Nor should it be too difficult to form such a coalition if politicians could pocket their pride. Extreme right wing Members—there are now only a few—would no doubt prefer to remain in opposition; so would, of necessity, Mr. Bevan and those who stand with or to the left of him. But there is a common meeting ground for most of the rest. The political gulf between Mr. R. A. Butler and Mr. Herbert Morrison is not large and the fact that we need Butler as well as Morrison, Eden as well as Bevin, Macmillan as well as Cripps should be enough.

What in fact is the alternative to coalition? Only a perpetuation of the "two nation" complex, which is politician made, without the leavening of a solid middle party group. It is this middle group that we need to create for in it lies the genius of Britain to enjoy revolution without bloodshed. The Conservatives have gone some way—a great deal further than Mr. Churchill pretends or many of their supporters suspect—to meet this need by the acceptance of Mr. Butler's *Industrial Charter.* But the working man is not yet ready to trust them and their accession to power would only result in more industrial unrest. It is the need for a Government whom a majority can trust that argues the case for coalition.

JOHN ARMITAGE.

THE END OF THE POOR LAW

By John Moss

THE Poor Law system which, in different forms, has existed since the reign of Queen Elizabeth is to end under the National Assistance Bill now before Parliament, and it is the intention of the Government that this should take effect on July 5, 1948, which is the contemplated appointed day for the National Health Service Act 1946. Assistance, or relief, afforded under the Poor Law code may be divided broadly into domiciliary relief and institutional care and maintenance. Domiciliary relief was first known as parish relief when administered by the overseers; then as out-door relief, when administered by the boards of guardians and finally by the councils of counties and county boroughs.

Before 1834, there were three local bodies, the overseers, the magistrates and the vestry concerned in the administration of relief. Boards of guardians were set up under the Poor Law Act 1834 and until 1894 the local magistrates could act as *ex officio* members of the board. The boards of guardians in rural areas were also the sanitary authority until 1894. The poor law was administered by 643 boards of guardians until the Local Government Act 1929 transferred the service to the councils of counties and county boroughs and public assistance committees were established. Outdoor relief was granted originally on the "merits" of each case. There was usually, however, a guiding scale at any rate in the minds of the members, but there were very few unions where scales of relief for general application were adopted. Each case was considered by a committee of the Board. In theory, if not always in practice, relief was granted in accordance with individual need but later it became generally recognized that it was fairer to the persons relieved that they should be assisted on the basis of definite scales. What was possible when each applicant for relief was known to the overseer and subsequently the parish representative on the board of guardians became impossible—particularly in large urban areas—when the Act of 1929 came into operation. There are few, if any, areas where the public assistance committee is not now acting in accordance with general scales and regulations for the administration of relief, but these scales are not followed rigidly and there is still the opportunity of considering the special need of any particular person. These scales accord broadly and in some cases closely with the scales adopted by the Assistance Board and which have been approved by Parliament.

The Poor Law Act 1930 and the regulations made by the Minister of Health

thereunder provide for the administration of relief by committees or sub-committees, but in some parts of the country what is called the adjudicating officer system is in force, whereby decisions on the amount to be granted in each individual case and whether relief should be granted at all, are made by duly authorized officers, but there is a committee to which any special case can be referred or to which dissatisfied applicants may appeal. In these areas the system is, therefore, similar to that operated by the Assistance Board.

The Board is now responsible for the following services:

unemployment assistance to insurable unemployed persons, not qualified for unemployment benefit and to persons receiving such benefit who find it insufficient for their need;

supplementary pensions to old age pensioners, and also to widow pensioners if they are over sixty years old or their pensions include an additional allowance in respect of a child.

The granting of financial assistance to any other person who is in need through not being covered by an insurance or other scheme is the responsibility of the public assistance committee of each county council and county borough council, acting through the relieving officer, who must administer relief in accordance with orders made by the committee (or a sub-committee) or an adjudicating officer. Officers of the Assistance Board grant assistance in accordance with regulations made by the Board but have considerable discretion to depart from the regulations in individual cases. Under the Bill, the Assistance Board—to be called the National Assistance Board—will be responsible for granting domiciliary assistance to all in need, including those who are now the responsibility of local authorities, but the decision in each case will be that of an officer as distinct from the normal local authority committee practice. There will, however, be advisory committees of persons having local knowledge to advise both on general questions and on difficult individual cases. An applicant who is dissatisfied with the decision of an officer will have a right of appeal to a local appeal tribunal consisting of three persons, a chairman and one other member appointed by the Minister of National Insurance, and a third member selected in rotation from a panel of persons nominated by the Minister to represent work-people.

If the Board is to undertake these extended duties without inconvenience to those who have to seek assistance from the Board instead of from public assistance authorities, it will be necessary for the Board to establish a greater number of offices throughout the country. The position is not so difficult in a large urban area where good transport facilities are available, but in rural areas the county council has often found it necessary to establish relieving officers in sparsely populated parts of the county, where there may be only a small number of persons on the relief list. This has sometimes been made economically possible by the relieving officer being given an additional appointment such as registrar of births and deaths. A relieving officer is there-

fore readily available to any person likely to be in need. Unless the Assistance Board can, in some areas, arrange for certain of its officers to have other duties, such as possibly in connection with the work of the Ministry of National Insurance, there is a risk of the position of those in need being distinctly worsened by the new scheme. The present overlapping of administration between local and national assistance bodies is clearly indefensible. But it would be unfortunate if the creation of a tidy administrative scheme made it more difficult for those who have to seek help from the service.

In one respect, the Bill deprives poor persons of a legal right which they have had ever since the poor law was established on its present basis. A relieving officer has a statutory duty to give relief in any case of sudden or urgent necessity, either by giving an order for admission to an institution or by granting relief in kind. If he fails to do so he may be convicted of the offence of disobeying an order of the Minister of Health. There is to be no such statutory duty on an officer of the National Assistance Board for the Bill merely provides that in granting assistance to meet sudden and urgent need the normal inquiries into resources are not required, nor compliance with the general regulations of the Board. An insured person has a statutory right to benefit of various kinds but for the first time for over a hundred years a person will have no legal right to assistance if he has a need which cannot be met immediately by benefit or otherwise.

The other main function of public assistance authorities is the provision of care, treatment and maintenance for persons in institutions of various types which may be divided broadly into the following categories:

infirmaries and hospitals for the sick;
residential establishments for the infirm and those who are not sick;
children's homes;
casual wards for vagrants.

It is not always realized that until the Local Government Act 1929 came into operation the only residential provision for the sick apart from that provided in voluntary hospitals and commercial establishments was made by the boards of guardians which in London and other large urban areas as well as in a few rural areas, developed good infirmaries from the former mixed workhouses. Since the councils of counties and county boroughs became responsible for public assistance many of them have transferred the administration of the former poor law infirmaries to the public health department who now administer them as general hospitals under the Public Health Acts. These hospitals will be transferred to the Minister of Health and administered by the Regional Hospital Board under the National Health Service Act 1946. Any public assistance institution or workhouse which is used mainly for the sick will also be transferred. Children are to be dealt with under another Bill which is to leave the administration with the same local authorities as at present but, if the declared intention of the Government prevails by specially

appointed committees. Responsibility for the casual poor, or vagrant, is to be transferred to the National Assistance Board by requiring them to make provision whereby persons without a settled way of living may be influenced to lead a more settled life and for their temporary accommodation in reception centres. Local authorities may be required to provide and maintain such centres on the Board's behalf with reimbursement of approved expenditure. The old type of casual ward, which disappeared on the outbreak of war, is not to be resuscitated.

The Bill makes it the duty of every county and county borough council to provide residential accommodation for persons who by reason of age, infirmity or any other circumstances, are in need of care and attention which is not otherwise available to them. These will not include sick persons who need treatment in hospital but will comprise many types of elderly, infirm, disabled or sub-normal people who are unable to lead a normal home life. The service will include all necessary care, maintenance and amenities. In the exercise of this duty, a local authority must have regard to the welfare of all persons for whom accommodation is provided. The White Paper issued with the Bill suggests that this residential accommodation should be provided in homes or hostels designed to meet the varying needs of the persons concerned. The service will be available to those in need of it irrespective of their means. The local authority will, therefore, cease to be merely a reliever of destitution, and will become the provider of comfortable accommodation, with care and attention, for those who, owing to age and infirmity, cannot wholly look after themselves. The local authority will fix the standard charge for the accommodation provided and the resident, if his resources permit, will pay the charge in full. If he is unable to do so, the charge will be reduced to an amount which he can afford to pay and at the same time retain for himself a minimum of 5s. a week as pocket money. The majority of persons admitted to such residential accommodation will have at least a retirement pension or other insurance benefit of 26s. a week. Assuming that they retain 5s. a week for pocket money, such persons will be in a position to pay at least 21s. a week for their accommodation and maintenance. Where a person's resources do not amount to 26s. a week, it will be for the National Assistance Board to pay him an allowance which will bring his resources up to that amount and enable him to pay the minimum charge.

Many public assistance authorities have special Homes for old people, as part of their institutional accommodation. Voluntary bodies have also established many Homes and hostels. Experienced administrators know, however, that, unless there is to be a considerable change in the social characteristics of some of those in need many people for whom residential care must be provided will continue to be more suitably accommodated in a building something like the existing institution but modernized and made more comfortable than in small old people's Homes. More Homes or hostels, prefer-

ably with single rooms, are required. But in planning their new service, local authorities must consider very carefully the difficulties which will have to be met. Homes or hostels for twenty-five to fifty people should contain men and women who can happily live together in a small community. It may be better for some to be accommodated in a rather larger community where more discipline can be exercised than in a small Home where there should be freedom and an absence of general restrictions. It should be the aim of every authority, however, to reduce the institutional type of accommodation to the minimum and replace it by Homes and hostels but for some time ahead the financial position and the shortage of materials will make it impossible to discontinue the use entirely of some of the existing institutions.

The demarcation of responsibility between the Regional Hospital Board and local authorities in providing residential care for certain categories of persons is not altogether clear as there is some doubt as to the type of person who is entitled to hospital treatment as distinct from those who are merely infirm. There is at the present time a great shortage of hospital accommodation for the chronic sick owing to the shortage of nurses. It is unlikely, unfortunately, that this position will be rectified in the near future. When in the future, as at present, a person becomes ill in his own home, he will not be able to get into hospital unless there is a bed for him. This applies particularly to the chronic sick. There is a tendency—which cannot be controverted—to admit to hospital acutely sick persons who can be got well again in a short time instead of a chronic sick person who may be occupying a bed for many months or years. Some of the residents in the old people's Homes and hostels administered by local authorities will become ill and suitable for admission to hospital. Will they get into hospital? Now that hospitals and institutions are the responsibility of the same authority a transfer or exchange between Home and hospital can more easily be arranged than is likely to be the position when they belong to different bodies. Is there not a risk of the hospital authority or the medical superintendent then saying that there is no bed available for a person from an old people's Home and that priority must be given to the acutely sick or chronic sick who are in their own homes? This is a problem which is bound to arise until there is adequate hospital accommodation throughout the country. There must clearly be the closest possible co-operation between hospital authorities and local authorities in order to provide for the transfer to hospital of elderly sick in local authority establishments and for the transfer to a Home or hostel of patients who no longer require hospital treatment. Otherwise there is a risk of local authority Homes developing into something like the old poor law infirmary where the conditions may become even worse than in the institution at the present time because nurses will be employed in the hospitals and are not likely to be available for old people's Homes; nor should they be employed there when their services are so much more required in hospital.

I have tried to explain briefly how the scheme to be established under the Bill will operate in comparison with the existing system of administration by public assistance authorities. These bodies, like their predecessors, the boards of guardians, have under the Poor Law Act 1930 a general duty "to provide such relief as may be necessary for the lame, impotent, old, blind and such other persons who are poor and not able to work." Some of these duties have already been removed from the poor law system such as the domiciliary assistance of the blind. The National Assistance Board will take over all these duties in so far as financial help is required, but local authorities, instead of having to provide relief for the poor will have more extensive power to provide residential accommodation for any person who cannot otherwise obtain the care and attention he needs. Public assistance authorities deal broadly with the destitute but there has been a gradual extension of the meaning of that word for some years. In future, local authorities will be under a statutory duty to deal with those who are not strictly destitute. Most of those admitted to public assistance establishments have no means and the cost of their maintenance falls entirely on the ratepayers. In future each resident will have an income of at least 26s. a week, out of which he will normally be required to pay 21s. a week for his accommodation. If he can pay the full cost he must do so.

Another important alteration in the law concerns the liability of a person to contribute towards the cost of assistance granted to his relatives. Liability under the poor law rests on a wide range of relatives. For instance a grandfather is liable for the support of his grandchildren. An adult son or daughter is liable for the support of his or her mother, even if she has been in a mental hospital for some years and is never likely to be well again. In future, for the purposes of the Bill, a man will be liable to maintain only his wife and his children under sixteen, and a woman her husband and children under sixteen, whether the children are legitimate, illegitimate or adopted.

The Bill provides for a service which is in advance of the present restricted service as administered by public assistance authorities and from many points of view it brings the whole system more into accord with modern ideas. The Poor Law has provided a very beneficial service for many years. It is now generally administered on humane lines. It is, however, necessarily restricted by the statutory position. Many public assistance authorities have gone beyond the bounds of the strict statutory position in carrying out their duties but they have outlived their present scope and the passing of the National Assistance Bill will put a coping stone on the new system of National Insurance and State Hospital provision on the lines recommended by Sir William Beveridge in his Report.

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THE SOCIAL IMPLICATIONS OF THE NEW TOWN

By J. E. MacColl

NEW towns in general are a very different thing from new towns in particular. The policy embodied in the act of 1946 and in the Reith Report was accepted with remarkable unanimity. Everybody seemed to welcome the new departure in positive planning. The new towns had to be built somewhere but finding sites proved a politically treacherous undertaking. On the whole those who found their own little piece of country honoured by selection for this notable experiment reacted vigorously. The movement which was launched with such general good will came in danger of being bogged down in a morass of litigation and in almost every case there has been an outburst of resistance and objection.

This is not really surprising. To some extent, of course, the reaction is one of self interest. Dwellers in the designated areas quite understandably object to their privacy being invaded by large scale building. Peaceful habitations in this country are not so easily found that any purely financial compensation can make up for the deprivation. However much one may sympathize with this attitude, however much one might in similar circumstances share it, it is not an adequate ground for abandoning the new towns project. But there are substantial misgivings which are not essentially selfish. Those who live in small towns and villages have vivid memories of evacuation and to many the new town sounds unpleasantly like evacuation writ large and lasting long. Nor are the painful memories of the invasion of reception areas by evacuees confined to the disillusioned hosts. For many townspeople the shock of evacuation, the misery of strange surroundings, the eerie quiet of the countryside make the prospect of moving from large towns a dreaded one.

There is general agreement that planned de-centralization is necessary, that some people have got to be placed in new communities somewhere. So far it has been more urgent to find sites for the new towns and that has accordingly been the main source of disagreement. Finding the people to go is still sufficiently remote to mask what may well turn out to be a strong if latent resistance by particular people against movement. Tests of opinion have not so far revealed this attitude, if only because the miseries of overcrowding and homelessness seem more real than the potential disadvantages of migration. It does not at all follow that when the chance of moving becomes immediate it will be welcomed. Still less does it follow that those who do move will stay any longer than they must.

The degree to which the first new towns are able quickly to develop a satisfying community life will thus be important not only for the inhabitants but also for the whole future of the scheme. If people find that it is really possible to start a new town and like it their experience will spread beyond its immediate boundaries and ease the way for the other towns that should follow. If, on the other hand, the first new towns turn out to be failures socially their breakdown will have repercussions on the whole idea of trying consciously to remove overcrowding and congestion by constructive planning.

The purely physical problems facing the new town builders are complex enough. At the best success depends on nice timing. Factories, houses and community services have to be built in parallel and none of them must be allowed to outstrip the others. The pace of development of all of them is limited by the capacity, for example, of drainage and water supply. To these difficulties inherent in physical planning are added the special problems of the time. A job which is complex in itself has to be carried out under conditions of scarcity and restriction. Anyone who has tried to plan a building scheme knows how sudden and inconsequential shortages of particular materials can throw the whole thing out of line. In a new town where there are even more variables to bring into equation these hitches may prove to be devastating.

Assuming that these problems of physical construction can be kept under control the new town will begin to take shape, but the speed with which this happens will be the measure of the urgency of the decisions that have to be made in the economic and social fields. These decisions, which will go a long way to determine the prospects of success of the town, involve the adjustment at an early stage of a number of competing interests.

An important example is the balance of industry to be adopted. It is a commonplace to say that one of the major advantages which the new town is to have over the ordinary housing estate is that it is to provide employment for its inhabitants near their homes. Nevertheless the commonplace raises a whole series of problems. In the first place, though we have moved a long way from the axiom that the location of industry is determined solely by external economic laws, it remains true that the conditions of markets and raw materials cannot merely be disregarded. Economic factors will at least short list the industries from which the selection is to be made.

In the second place physical conditions also influence the selection. It is probably true that physical planners have a weakness for light industry. It tends to be cleaner and to lend itself more easily to modern architecture. Moreover it is not every site, superficially attractive, which will carry the foundations of a factory containing heavy machinery. Again, the transport demands of light industry are less exacting, more use can be made of road vehicles and there is less demand for railway sidings.

Finally the new town in the home counties is not unlimited in its choice. One of the objects is to de-centralize industry in Greater London and the Gov-

ernment is likely to look with disfavour on any proposal to allot factory sites to firms not already within that region.

This problem of selecting industries is of quite first importance, both because one of the attractions of new towns is that employment will be offered near home and because the kind of employment available will determine very largely the kind of people who can be settled in the town. Light industries, to go back to our example, usually employ an undue proportion of women and boys. It has been a common experience of new housing estates that for this reason women and young people can get employment nearby while the heads of families have to travel long distances. Any similar development in a new town would be deplorable.

Put crudely this, then, is the dilemma. It is no use trying to settle families if the industrial opportunities provided suggest hostels of spinsters. It is no use starting a coal industry because of the commendable domestic habits of miners if there is no coal. Within the limits of the Greater London industrial undertakings looking for factory sites, the new towns corporations have to select those that will provide employment for the kind of people who are wanted in the town, provided always that the situation of the town suits them and that a tolerable solution of the architectural problems involved in siting them can be made.

The new town will thus have pretty well to take what industries it can get within the general limitations set by the need for a substantial amount of male employment. In order to attract the industries which best suit its plans some priority will have to be given to key workers attached to them. Thus some part of the problem of selection of residents will be solved concurrently with industrial development. Although the Reith Committee did not think that the perfect synchronization of the movement of employing firms and employed persons would be practicable it seems clear that, among those who want to move, preference will need to be given to those suitable to employment in the town's industries. While the town is being built there will also be need to house those working on it, many of whom, no doubt, will want to settle permanently where they have spent a good part of their working lives.

The burden of this argument is to suggest that the amount of discretion which corporations will in fact be able to exercise will be severely limited; even if, as may well prove to be the case, the corporations have to claim a wider discretion in selection than the Government is at present prepared to give them. Within the general limitations set by the need for a substantial amount of male employment the towns are not likely to have much choice of industries; and the industrial needs will, in their turn, go far to determine the kind of residents to be invited.

This is probably all to the good. A hand-picked town is likely to be too self-conscious. Because the people who have to shake down into a new community are going to be very ordinary sorts of people the experiment will be

more worth while, if the complications greater.

The social problems of the new town are to be tackled against the background of two fairly recently developed and very fashionable doctrines of good planning: that of the neighbourhood unit and of mixed development. The idea behind the neighbourhood unit is that towns comprise an aggregate of defined areas each with its own community life. In contrast to the shapeless accumulation of dwellings characteristic of much suburban development between the wars the new town is to be made up of residential neighbourhoods such that "both the neighbourhood and the town should be given physical definition and unmistakable separateness and the population should be socially stable."* The Reith Committee endorsed this emphasis on the neighbourhood unit with some reserve.

> The principle roads within the towns, especially where they are kept free of frontage building, as well as other topographical features tend to group the residential areas of the town into more or less clearly defined parts or neighbourhoods. Convenient placing of primary schools, minor groups of shops, churches, refreshment houses, meeting places and other public buildings may also, as a nuclei, have the same effect. The neighbourhood is, therefore, a natural and useful conception, but it should not be thought of as a self contained community of which the inhabitants are more conscious than they are of the town as a whole. For many educational, cultural and social purposes people will look to the main centres of the town and the primary civic unity will be that of the town.†

The caveat sounded by the Reith Committee foreshadows what may be a real social obstacle to the new town particularly in its early stages. The need to make the fullest use of the community services like sewers and indeed to get going as quickly as possible a workable primary school is likely to result in the intensive development of the neighbourhood units rather than sporadic building over the town. The advantages of this arrangement are too obvious to need enumeration. But there are countervailing disadvantages. The very success with which the local life of the neighbourhood is developed may militate against the growth of any real town spirit. The town will grow not as an integrated community but as an aggregate of insulated encampments of strangers so that when it is finally completed there may have developed traditions of isolation and separation which will be very hard to eliminate.

This problem will be real as between different groups of new residents. It will be of quite first importance between the old inhabitants and the new. Within most new towns there will be absorbed already established neighbourhood groups. It would be idle to suppose that they will wholeheartedly welcome the new arrivals. "Oh, miss," was the cry of one small girl on a new housing estate, "if somebody has taken a cat, they say the Watling children have stolen it."‡ That there will be raiding parties from the new neighbourhoods to the old, no one who knows urban children is likely to doubt; that even

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* The Greater London Plan. 1944. Abercrombie. p. 112.
† Final Report of the New Towns Committee: para. 43.
‡ *Watling*. By Ruth Durant. p. 34.

if there are not, the inhabitants will invent them is equally probable.

It is, therefore, most important that the different neighbourhood units should from the beginning be aware of their membership of the wider town. What can be done to further this? In the first place the exigencies of scarcity should not be allowed to lead to neglect of the main civic buildings. From the very early stages there should be halls centrally available in which can take place activities attractive to the residents of different neighbourhoods. In the second place encouragement should be given to those types of organization which possess a special outlook on life, likely to transcend topographical boundaries. The Churches and the political parties are obvious examples. In the third place at every stage of the development the interest of existing inhabitants, old and new, should be enlisted. It is important that from the very beginning the life of the neighbourhood should be seen in its proper context of the whole town. Finally, closely associated with and arising out of this, at the earliest possible moment the new town should become a local government unit. There may be an understandable reluctance among development corporations to see "two kings in Brentford", and a tendency to encourage the postponement of the creation of a borough or urban district council where one does not exist. However natural, any such tendency would be deplorable. The new inhabitants must grow accustomed to regarding the elected authority as the proper body to represent their communal interests. Even if at the beginning the structure of the local council is a little precarious the sooner it gets going with a charter and a mayor, the better.

The second doctrine which has been adopted is that of mixed development. It has arisen out of the acute awareness among planners of two undesirable social features. The first is that of a large working-class stretch like the East End of London or a mining area. There is often to be found a good deal of community feeling but a woeful lack of people with the basic education necessary to provide social leadership. The uniform background is, moreover, narrowing and restricting in its effect so that in such an area there is lack of variety of ideas and sameness of outlook. The second even more undesirable feature is that in new housing estates where similar sections of the people have moved, there is to be found the same narrowness accentuated by a lack of the same sense of community.

The view has accordingly been widely expressed that new communities, whether new towns or new estates, should represent a cross section of the social classes. In this way it is believed that something of the varied social fellowship of village life can be preserved. If the Reith Committee has been cautious about neighbourhood units, it has accepted mixed development without hesitation.

> If the community is to be truly balanced, so long as social classes exist all must be represented in it. A contribution is needed from every type and class of person; the community will be the poorer if all are not there, able and willing to make it . . . . It is most desirable that proprietors, directors, executives and other leading workers

in the local industries and businesses should live in the town and take part in its life. Many professional men and women, writers, artists and other specialists not tied to a particular location should find a new town a good place in which to live and work. So also should retired people from home and overseas from every kind of occupation, as well as people of independent means. All these should find interest and scope in playing their part in the development of the social, political, artistic and recreational activities of the town.*

The ideal is a wholly admirable one for any new town corporation to set before it. That the Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady should join together in the joyous adventure of building up a new community would be a social demonstration of first rate significance. Poplar and Cheltenham will not easily lie down together. The Reith Committee realistically enough recognizes that the problem " is, to be frank, one of class distinction."† Class distinctions are obstinate things and the middle classes have peculiar social customs which are not likely to make their normal representatives relish mixed development. To the Colonel's Lady a garden wall exists to enable her to read in peace in the open without interruption. To Judy O'Grady it is something to be talked over. There are differences of language, of social behaviour, indeed of ethics, which will not easily be reconciled: not easily, that is to say, among normal average representatives of the different classes.

According to the Reith Committee:

If a socially homogeneous community is to be created a conscious and sustained policy to that end will be needed on the part of the agency itself and of the leaders of local industry and commerce and of social activity.†

Unless the policy is conducted with very great discretion it will alienate ordinary business and professional men who are only anxious to bring up their families in peace. It will tend to encourage preciousness and self-consciousness in the life of the town. It would be a tragedy if a certain lengthiness in the hair was to be regarded as an asset in settling in a new town, and manifestly that would not be mixed development in the truest sense.

Some of the difficulties will arise early in the planning of the town. In order to attract mixed classes it will be necessary early on to build houses substantially over the minimum standard. This will create political difficulties. At a time of grave shortage of materials, with a housing " gap " of terrifying size, many people will find it hard to accept as a principle that for the favoured few the cost ceiling should be markedly raised in order that this kind of accommodation may be made available. If larger houses can be built, where are they to be put? Is the town to be made up of different kinds of neighbourhood or are the neighbourhoods themselves to be mixed? If mixed development is to mean that different neighbourhoods are to have a different social character then the segregating effect of neighbourhood units will be emphasized and it will be all the more important to encourage social activities on a town, rather than a neighbourhood, basis.

* Final Report para. 22.
† Op. cit para. 25.

The words of the Reith Report on the functions of the agency seemed to me vaguely familiar. They brought back to me the recollection of a novel I had read a good many years ago written pseudonymously by a distinguished member of the Bar.* It was a description of hell completely modernized, "the last word in governmental efficiency, in scientific progress, in mass hygiene." The satanic General Manager explains to the newly arrived soul the transformation from medieval ideas. "Please understand at once," he added, "that Hell is organized primarily for the comfort of its members. Everything, literally everything, that art and science and religion can do will be done to make you feel happy and at home." "This," said Pilgrim, who felt far from reassured, "is very reassuring." The cold efficiency proves more intolerable than eternal flames. "What have I done," cries Pilgrim in agony, "to be sent to a realm where everything is provided for a man and only his heart and his hope and his spirit taken from him? O Hell, O perfect Hell, how can I endure the burden of your pleasures, a burden more awful than all the awful punishments of the past!" Fantasy? Yes. But there is real danger that the new town meticulously planned by its corporation according to all the best sociological advice, will be a real hell to live in. The right kind of buildings can be provided, the right sort of clubs and societies organized to mix people together and keep them occupied; yet, with it all, the people may be miserable. There must be room left for experiment; room, above all, for the inhabitants to develop ideas about the kind of community in which they want to live, even if these differ from the fashionable planning and sociological theories of the day.

The development corporation thus has great influence to wield. It has urgent planning decisions to make which must very greatly influence the make-up of the new community. How many high-rented houses should be built? What communal amenities should be provided? Does each neighbourhood require only one centre, or should each organization be given room for its own premises? Can a new eirenicon be enforced on rival sects by making them share a common ping-pong table? A body of strong-minded men and women seized with the importance of a conscious and sustained policy may easily be tempted to use its power and influence to prescribe the lines on which the town is to develop. But unless the growth has a strong element of spontaneity in it, unless it is the fruit of experiments, achievements and failures by the inhabitants, it will be artificial and precarious. The town has to be an organic community in which ordinary people are going to live and quarrel and work out their own social problems in their own way. It must not be an exhibition maintained for the benefit of town planners in which bloodless puppets dance to the tune of an omniscient corporation.

The development corporation thus has a difficult dilemma to resolve. If it leaves too much to chance the new community may break down under the strain

* *Hell's Bells.* By Marmaduke Dixey. 1936.

of rapid growth and inadequate foresight. If it plans too much it may destroy the life of the new organism. There is no obvious solution but some general principles can be suggested for nursing the young community to sturdy maturity. One has already been mentioned. The corporate life will, in its early stages, require fostering at the centre. Some centrally placed buildings should be provided in advance of the ability of the town itself to build them so that from the beginning it may grow into consciousness of civic unity. Within the neighbourhoods the need for early building is much less obvious, for each unit should be much sooner in a position to meet its own needs. The important thing will be some kind of communal building, it matters very little how primitive. There are likely to be two urgent social needs in the early stage. The first is some way of overcoming loneliness. A simple building is needed, which can supplement the local public house, where strangers can meet for activities with the widest appeal and the least complex preliminary organization; whist drives and community hymn singing are obvious examples. The second is some means for catering for the functional concerns which are likely to predominate in the early stages. The absorbing common interests are likely to be those springing from the new environment. The new gardens, amenities for the children and methods of house decoration will cut across political and sectional differences. They will suggest a tenants' association through which from an early stage the new inhabitants can play an active part in the development of their neighbourhood, constituting themselves, no doubt a bit of a nuisance, but a necessary nuisance, to the corporation. The needs of youth will form a special case for which the Education Authority will have to assume responsibility, but, in general, it will only be after people are settled down that they will begin to hive off into particularist organizations and will be able to plan the more permanent neighbourhood buildings. Provided there is somewhere to meet, the less the form of the community buildings are determined in the early stages the better.

The future of the new towns is uncertain. They seem peculiarly to belong to the rosy dreams of post war reconstruction and in the harsh awakening of the present crisis may seem extremely remote. They are essentially a gesture of confidence in the future and as such they are worth building even at great cost, but in many ways delay will not be bad. Their urgency springs from the urgency of the housing need. In themselves they will benefit from harder and more detailed thinking than their problems have yet received. Far too little is known of the conditions which determine a good community and there is abundant room for more research and inquiry. It is for the corporations to see that the opportunities are not wasted.

(*The author is a member of the Hemel Hempstead New Towns Corporation and the newly-elected Mayor of Paddington.*)

SINN FEIN

By F. A. G. Willis

WE in Eire have lately been seeing a good deal of ourselves as others see us. English daily, weekly and monthly papers have been giving us far more of their restricted space than we should have thought warranted by our position in world affairs. Cynics among us may trace behind this sudden journalistic concern the lure of the fleshpots, for after all even a journalist must eat and an assignment in Eire carries with it certain possibilities in that direction. But, cynicism apart, this sudden show of interest in ourselves and our affairs is prompted mainly, we imagine, by the perennial concern of the Englishman for a country which, he stoutly maintains, no longer concerns him.

An Irish clergyman, appalled by the virility of the invective habitually employed by a certain family in his flock, ventured to remonstrate. "Surely", he argued, "those who are of one blood should address one another in gentler terms." "Maybe so, your reverence", he was told, "but, you know, the nearer the blood the nearer the 'bloody'." The Englishman, when in Ireland, loves to tell us how close we are to him in language, in customs, in interests and, indeed, in blood. He likes to think that our voluntary exile from his happy family is but a temporary state, that some day the prodigal must return, complete, no doubt, with fatted calf. He tries, in argument, to dazzle our eyes with the gains that should accrue were our association more internal and less external. Perhaps he is right about our blood relationship and perhaps that is why his line of talk rouses our ire and provokes us, not to unparliamentary language, but to a reaction that calls forth a display of obtuseness and cynicism conglomerated. What we have come to regard as the Englishman's natural characteristic of altruistic well-wishing is met, on our part, by medieval complacency mingled with cold-blooded materialism, all calculated to shock the Saxon. Unfortunately, perhaps, it seems to work and we learn from the English press that Spain has nothing on us.

But, thanks be, not all Englishmen want to reform us and guide us back to the one true fold. There are the new planters who seem to want to live with us, and not only for the sake of our beef-steaks and bacon and the colour of our eyes. They come, they say, because they like our way of life, a way which England once knew and has forsaken. It seems, too, that living is cheaper here for those compelled to subsist on Service or Colonial pensions and little else. Strange to say, these men who have spent a good deal of

their lives maintaining the Empire in far-off lands show no desire to re-introduce it in this one.

These immigrants are settling, not in Dublin or the other 'centres', but in rural parts all over the four provinces. In many cases they are occupying houses evacuated by their anglo-Irish counterparts during the troubled times. Some are farming, some keeping only enough land for a hunter and a cow. They are welcomed chiefly by the remaining indigenous gentry whose traditions and aspirations coincide with theirs. But their presence is by no means resented by the farmers and shopkeepers, tradesmen and labourers, who form the bulk of our population. Perhaps it is a pity that they do not write for the papers for in a year's time they will understand the country and its people with a fuller understanding than any visiting journalist can hope for. They have come to the right place.

Some day the outside world will awaken to the fact that Ireland is not Dublin or Killarney or Galway Races. She is not nearly so exciting as any of these. In the fashionable Dublin pubs and buffets there is stimulating conversation and 'Irish' wit. There is the man who can reveal staggering facts about the activities of German and Japanese diplomats during the war. Or his counterpart who knows all about British and Irish military liaison. The lobbies of the Gate and Abbey theatres, to which most visitors find their way, are stages set for the making of outrageous claims regarding the super-excellence of Irish art and letters. "You want the best poets, playwrights, actors, artists. We have them." The Dublin streets exhibit opulence cheek by jowl with wretched poverty. (We have the best and hardest-working professional beggars in the world.) You will eat your beef, your butter and your bacon in the knowledge that these luxuries are beyond the purchasing power of thousands of Dublin families. People will be too polite to tell you that you and your wads of inflated currency are partly responsible for this. You will notice, on Sunday, that most Dubliners attend some form of public worship, but you will find them reluctant to talk of religion. If they do talk you must not take all they say for granted. Religion more than anything else hides behind a shutter of cynicism. Irishmen have been known to break off an anti-clerical tirade to acknowledge the ringing of the angelus—and then to go on where they left off. The flavour of cynicism also pervades any discussion of politics, domestic or foreign, when strangers are present. Though in this field the cynicism is not always a pose and is, surely, frequently justifiable.

Thus Dublin puts on her act. Unfortunately, she has been doing it so long and so convincingly that she is herself almost convinced. That is a pity but not, for the country as a whole, a calamity. For Dublin is still "inside the pale", a foreign city, and something of a parasite. She is also a snob, come down in the world. Time was when she could afford to sneer at the hinterland, secure in the favour of her aristocratic connections across the water. To-day she tries hard to conceal the existence of the worthy ineligibles on

whom she lives.

It is in the towns and townlands of Kilkenny and Kerry, Clare and Carlow, Galway and Tipperary that you will find the real Ireland, dull, unromantic, sober and highly respectable; caring little about art, literature or world politics, a little more about domestic politics, a good deal about religion; working hard and scarcely playing at all. She is the direct negation of all that the Englishman ever believed about Ireland. Times have changed and Cathleen ni Houlihan has married a farmer.

Since the Land Act of 1903 the small farmer, your true peasant, has become far the greatest force in Irish life. The country is now divided up into parcels of land varying in size from ten to sixty acres, larger holdings being exceptional. Tenantry is practically unknown for the Act in effect prohibits it. Thus the Irish farmer is independent because he owns his land but fairly poor because he does not own enough. Usually he employs no labour, a dear and increasingly scarce commodity. He and his family do all the work and neighbour helps neighbour at the busier seasons.

Such an economy begets its own peculiar type. The small farm is something more than a place of business or a source of livelihood. It is a man's master rather than his property. More than that, it enslaves not only its owner but also his wife, his children and often even his grandchildren. It is common to find living together three generations whose whole lives, outlooks, habits, customs and ambitions are moulded by the demands of forty or fifty acres of poor land. Only by becoming completely subservient to it will the land allow them to live, but, while it rules them, its government is benevolent. And, if it enslaves them in most respects, it gives them independence in others. Above all, it allows them to make and keep their souls, and this they count of some value.

Religion is of the first importance in the life of the Irish farmer, be he Roman or Reformed, and there are good reasons why this should be so. It provides almost his only escape from the land and its demands, an escape truly more spiritual than mental or physical, for in it he sees assurance that the soil which has had his sweat and toil and anxiety, which will one day have his bones and flesh, must ultimately relinquish his soul to a higher Master. So he is not utterly enslaved. On the lower plane, his religion provides real relaxation of mind and body. It ordains for him a day of comparative rest with a pleasant interlude which is his opportunity for social intercourse as well as his worship. His only holidays are the Church's holy days and he takes no notice of state-made Bank Holidays. Funerals and, to a lesser degree, weddings are very important occasions when the claims of the land on his time must take second place.

Money, in cash or at the bank, does not play a big part in the farmer's life. He buys, more often than not, where he sells and one transaction is set against the other in the books. Up to a point he is self-sufficient, producing much

of what he requires. Therefore his grasp on economics is of the most elementary. For instance, he cannot see why his country's present economic problems should not be solved by the application of the barter system in its simplest form, coal for cattle, grain for dairy and poultry products, and so forth. He himself is an expert bargainer and would like to see a couple of sound farmers sent with Mr. Lemass on his next trip to London. Perhaps he is inclined to over-simplify in such matters.

Politics implies the sending of a sound man to Dublin to plead in the Dail the cause of farmers in general and of his constituency's farmers in particular. The deputy may be a farmer himself or else one whose occupation keeps him in close touch with the agricultural community, a solicitor, a doctor, or a merchant. On his election he becomes not only the people's chosen representative but also their appointed agent for wheedling facilities from government departments. In foreign politics he is expected to disapprove of Russian Communism, a disapproval much encouraged by the Churches. For the rest, there is Mr. de Valera, of whom something must be said later.

The Irish child enters the National School at the age of six and emerges when he is fourteen, little the worse for the experience. In spite of education, he has managed during that period to learn the rudiments of farming and has made himself generally useful about his father's holding. The majority of parents in agricultural areas are not over-keen on education, holding quite seriously that it interferes with a child's usefulness. He might be more profitably employed on the farm. That the Department of Education has some sympathy with this view is shown by their granting, in recent years, additional holiday periods at harvest time.

It has frequently been pointed out that by far the greater proportion of our contribution to the arts has come from the Anglo-Irish section of the community. The peasant has lent himself as the subject matter of much of our best prose and poetry, but he seems to lack the creative urge. Living, often, in the midst of as lovely surroundings as anywhere exist, he has left it to the university man, the city clerk, or the slum-dweller to interpret him and the land that keeps him. He is only mildly interested in the fact that he and his green fields lead men to write books and draw pictures.

He does himself possess a vivid imagination which he exercises chiefly in his workaday affairs. During a widespread outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease in 1941 he excelled himself in this respect. His theories on the cause, nature and treatment of the disease (one that seldom shows itself in Ireland) were as wildcat as they were varied. It was held that this was Hitler's secret weapon dropped by 'planes to deprive the English of good Irish beef; that infection was being deliberately spread by Government officials to decrease the livestock population and so compel the farmer to till more land; that there was no outbreak at all outside the mind of the Minister for Agriculture. Farmers otherwise quite sensible would argue these theories in the most

serious manner. The war gave rise to many similar instances of the effect a vivid imagination can produce where certain knowledge is scanty. When imagination is allied to stubborn self-opinion, as in the Irish peasant, the result to those who know, or think they know, the truth can be maddening in the extreme. Not only Englishmen, but many Irishmen as well, have been thus infuriated.

The peasant is the man who pays the piper and, unobtrusively, calls the tune in Ireland to-day. A visit to Dail Eireann will confirm this. Gone are the days of fire and dash in oratory that characterized the Irish Party in the House of Commons. Instead, there is haggling and bickering and very little humour. Speeches are dull, serious affairs delivered by dull and serious men, the 'sound' men from the provinces, the lawyers and doctors and middlemen whose fathers were farmers and whose own livelihood is bound up with agriculture. Neither oratorical fireworks nor much political enterprise can be expected from their like. And ever before them, as though to remind them of what they are and whence they come, is Mr. de Valera.

Dubliners and other foreigners like to think of the head of the Government as a paradox. Scrupulous, puritanical, uneloquent, he is the exact opposite of their traditional Irishman. Which is just another way of saying that he is typical of the Irishman he represents in the Dail. English statesmen have come away from conversations with him baffled, they say, by his unreasonable inflexibility, his refusal to give and take. Possibly this was not the real or only cause of their discomfiture. Possibly they found themselves faced with something totally different from their preconceived notions. It is presumed that no Englishman ever takes an Irishman seriously; conversely, that the Irishman expects to be treated by the Englishman as something between a harmless lunatic and a spoilt but attractive child. Not even English statesmen are free from prejudices. Hence, an unamused Dev, and slogans like "damn your concessions, England!" Michael Collins, that gay cavalier, came much nearer to what an Irishman ought to be like and is said to have got on well in conference with the English leaders of his time. But Michael Collins would not be representative of Ireland to-day.

A visit to an Irish cattle fair might give a clue to the reason behind Mr. de Valera's unreasonableness. Proceedings are fairly summed up in the classic report on the selling of a cow: "I got more than I expected but I expected more than I got." It is accepted that a fantastically high price will be asked and a ridiculously low one offered for any beast. Neither buyer nor seller is at all perturbed or discouraged by the extent of the gap to be bridged or by the apparent determination of his opposite number not to budge an inch. English negotiators should not dub Mr. de Valera "impossible". There is no such word in bargaining with an Irishman.

There are two abstract realities that are of supreme importance to Mr. de Valera, just as they are to the peasant he typifies, religion and national inde-

pendence. Both must be taken seriously. Of the first little need be said beyond the fact that the practising Roman Catholic, while not necessarily 'priest-ridden', does give expression to his religious prejudices in his daily life and they colour his outlook on such things as social reform. The man who speaks of his less fortunate brethren as "God's poor" will take some convincing that he himself owes any responsibility for their state. But, because of his duty to God, he does try to alleviate their misery by private charity. Which, speaking materially, is not so good for the recipient as State support, but, spiritually, benefits the giver.

The yearning for national independence is something no Englishman can be expected to understand, for he has not himself experienced it, though momentarily, as after Dunkirk, he has glimpsed something like it and found in it an inspiration. But the vision has never become a reality, nor has it lasted long enough to put him in sympathy with a race which has nursed the real thing for centuries. To him it seems to constitute a bar to progress, to economic development, to a good deal of material comfort. None the less, it is an undoubted fact that this thing, ideal or flight of fancy, is powerful enough to ensure that any government of Eire will make the union of Ireland its chief ambition. And that despite the fact that such union would not only add to their country's problems an over-industrialized area which it neither wants nor needs but would also introduce a considerable permanent opposition in the shape of a million and a half of diehard Protestant 'loyalists'. More will be heard of Partition as a political issue and as a problem for the existence and continuance of which England, rightly or wrongly, is blamed. Some day she must treat it as a serious issue.

Perhaps the attitude of the American of the Middle West approximates most nearly to that of the man behind the scenes in Eire to-day. Both are hard-working, thrifty farmers. For each the outside world is simply a market for his produce and of little use for anything besides. The American is an isolationist, the Irishman a Sinn Feiner. Sinn Fein, 'we alone', once a political slogan, is to-day a reality, all the more real for being unspoken. It has been called "reaction", "obscurantism," even "fascism". In fact, it is an outlook that is itself the product of a way of life which is composed of plenty of hard work and very few ha'pence and yet seems to yield a modicum of contentment.

(The author, a member of the Church of Ireland, lived in England before returning to his native Eire.)

CONVERSATIONS IN PRAGUE

By Kenneth Adam

THE City of a Hundred Spires in late autumn must be one of the most beautiful in the world. Certainly I have seen nothing of its kind more dramatic than the towers and roofs of Hradcany (Old Town), rising like some Reinhardt backcloth from the feathery mists which morning and evening cover the broad bosom of the Vltava. They are surely cardboard castles and painted steeples, insubstantial, magical. The feeling of disbelief persists until you have crossed the Charles Bridge, that astonishing equation with its guardian statues on either parapet, and climbed the ever-narrowing cobbled streets to the heart of the citadel, there to stand dwarfed below the substantial majesty of St. Vitus' Cathedral. An alternative prospect of a histrionic kind from the river, which itself runs through Prague like a motif through a piece of music, is of the wooded heights of Petrin whose late season colouring under a lustrous sky rivals, in vividness, that of the rosewindows of the cathedral, and explains why Czechs also call Prague the Golden City.

But the glories of Prague are not spacious, long-distance ones merely. Nor are they exhausted in the broad thoroughfares of Wenceslas Square, Prikopy and Narodni trida with their splendid shops. There is the pleasure of detail also, often unexpected and in a sidestreet, of a gable end, a doorway, a window pattern, a balconied courtyard in any one of the architectural styles which have conquered Europe in a thousand years. This, then, is the ancient setting in which a million Czechs—nearly a twelfth of the total population of Czechoslovakia—are endeavouring to make the modern experiment of a "people's democracy" work; this is the power house of the national effort to recover from occupation and war which was described last June in The Fortnightly by Ewan Wallis-Jones.

It would be a mistake to paint Prague as a fairyland. It has its dark side, as the Czechs readily admit, an acute housing shortage, a woeful lack of open spaces for recreation, an overburdened transport system. And although the economic recovery of which Mr. Wallis-Jones wrote is still being gallantly pursued, and indeed, to the Two-Year Plan, which aims at 110 per cent. of 1937 production by the end of 1948, there has now been added a Five-Year Plan of an even more ambitious nature, to begin in 1949, yet the prolonged drought this summer and autumn has had a disastrous effect on the harvest, especially of sugar-beet, while the political situation has recently deteriorated to a point which renders the survival of the Government of the National Front problem-

atical. However, it is not the purpose of this article to record personal impressions, but rather to allow representative Czechs themselves to speak of their contemporary achievements and difficulties, and of their country's place in the troubled scene.

There are four parties in the Czech Lands, Communist, with thirty-seven per cent. of the votes in the last elections, Czech Socialist, Christian Democrat and Social Democrat, and though all are represented in the Government, and there is no official Opposition, party loyalties remain strong and tend to colour most conversation. My first talk was with a Czech Socialist—" we are really called National Socialists; Hitler stole our name but not our policy "—and as we strolled through the Old City, past the solemn, courteous policemen in khaki who hold watch at the President's Castle, past the ornate palaces which are now the home of Government departments, past the Churches, Romanesque, Gothic, Baroque, which cluster so bewilderingly one above the other on the hill, we fell to talking of the " Iron Curtain ".

My friend Martin is an administrator in one of the nationalized industries. He spoke rather reproachfully of the assumption which it appeared to him most Englishmen now made, that Czechoslovakia must be " written off " by the West. " Why ", he said, " your businessmen who came here for the Trade Fair in September were surprised to find no Russian troops in the country. I hope they have gone back convinced that we are indeed a fully functioning democracy still. I know that when we reversed our decision on the Marshall plan and did not go to Paris, it was easy to believe that we had bowed to orders to Moscow. But do not forget, first, that the Gottwald Government was attacked bitterly here at the time—does that sound like totalitarianism?—and secondly, that I, who am no Communist, and many others like me, in fact the majority of people throughout the country, now believe that the Government was right. Why? Because you cannot ignore the facts of geography. We are inescapably a part of Central Europe. To have been the solitary country in that bloc to take part in the Marshall plan would have created endless difficulties with our neighbours, and, goodness knows, we have enough problems as it is. But a democracy still? Look around you, in the bookshops, in the newspapers, at the political meetings and at the week-end processions. Our police are no more ' secret ' than the London bobby or the New York cop. There is no censorship, except of an occasional book which is strongly critical of the Soviet régime. You can buy any of the British political weeklies here, or *Time* and *Life,* or the Paris news sheets. Do you know of any capital in the world where so many foreign papers and magazines are displayed on the stands? "

" Then there are the ten morning papers in Prague. They attack each other, and the parties to which the others belong, much more fiercely than your *Daily Mail,* for instance, would ever attack the *Daily Herald.* Outside the party headquarters in Prague you will find we have our own Hyde Park Corners.

And if you are passing through a village on a Sunday morning, you may well find one party marching in one direction with banners carrying the hammer and sickle, and another party, with a priest bearing a cross and surrounded by a choir in surplices, marching the other way, to Mass." This did happen a day or two later, just as Martin described, except that the picture was complicated by a third procession, of young gymnasts belonging to Sokol! But at the moment I asked him whether the antagonisms which were fanned by this intense political draught from papers and meetings and processions would not sooner or later break into open conflict. "I trust not," he replied. "I am a man of peace, though I fought and killed in the May Rising two years ago. I confess that I am worried sometimes at the bitter tone of my party towards the Communists, but then I remind myself that the Czech was ever a great partisan. It is the same in football; you must be for "Slavia" or for "Sparta"; or in music; you are a Smetana man or a Dvorak man."

I said I had noticed the night before at the cinema that while an appeal on the screen by a popular Minister for more voluntary work-brigades had been received in total silence, the moment pictures of President Benes going on a tour appeared in the news reel, the whole audience clapped its hands with great warmth. "Yes, that is quite usual. There is no division of opinion there. Benes is the embodiment of the national spirit just as Masaryk used to be. He is listened to with respect on all subjects. He is an amalgam of moderation and progressivism, and to me, as an evolutionary socialist, that is statesmanship."

"Alas, he is a sick man. His efforts to find health this summer in the mountains have not been successful. When a man is over sixty he does not mend so easily. And, if in addition, he has suffered two exiles and borne heavy responsibilities without respite for thirty years, it is not to be wondered at if he is tired. To replace him would be an almost impossible task. We have a saying: 'The President must be a Professor'; two such are spoken of, Prazak, who was president of the illegal National Committee in the occupation, and Nejedly, who is a Communist. But the first is also ageing, and ill, and the second does not command the necessary wide support. Young Masaryk—everybody calls him that still, though he is well into middle age—Jan, son of Thomas, that is, who was a member of your B.B.C. Brains Trust in the war, would be the only national choice. He is tremendously popular. His *bon mots* are passed from mouth to mouth. And he is a brave man. But though you may perhaps think us divided in many things, I can assure you there is one thing in which all are united—the hope that Benes' flag will fly over Hradcany for many years to come."

I was told in my second conversation, with Petr, a young Communist intellectual, of another subject on which the Czechs agree to a man. This talk took place in the famous Slavia Café, opposite the National Theatre, which was a favourite resort of the Germans—"they descended on the place like a plague

of grey flies "—but is now once again alive each evening with free and vigorous discussion, both political and cultural, taking place over a glass of slivovic (plum brandy). And the subject was fear of Germany. "It is the decisive factor in our political thinking," said my acquaintance. I said that to anyone who had just passed through Germany, broken, starving, hopeless Germany, as I had, that scarcely sounded realistic. "To us, it is different. The Marshall plan, if it helps to rebuild German heavy industry cannot but be dangerous to Czechoslovakia. If the Ruhr revives, then once again Germany must drive to the East to feed the Ruhr. On the motives behind the Plan we may put different constructions. Many in my party believe that the Americans aim at establishing a capitalistic hegemony of Europe. Other Czechs believe simply that the Americans and British do not understand the Germans. We know them, their insatiable ambition, their contempt for the Slav peoples down the centuries. Our incompatibility does not date from Versailles and the Sudetens. It goes back to the Hussites."

I said that the transfer of over two million Germans from Czechoslovakia to the *Reich,* though it had been agreed by the Allies, had none the less been a disquieting event, even to friends of the Czechs in Britain and those who had been opposed to the Munich dictate. "It was inevitable. Until 1938 we tried to live side by side with the Germans. We made mistakes, perhaps, but it was, on the whole, a humane and generous attempt to find a common political conception. It proved impossible to lay the foundation stone, and so there was no nation-building. Do you know the slogan of the Sudetens? 'Even if the Devil were ruling Germany, we would rather be part of it.' He was, and they were. And Czechoslovakia was annihilated. As Benes has said: 'All bridges between us were broken down for ever.'" I said that presumably the deportation had weakened the economic capacity of the Republic. "For the time being, yes, of course. Two millions out of fifteen is a grave loss of manpower. Many of the Germans were clever workmen. But this was a sacrifice we were determined to make, and to overcome. One result has been that we all work harder. This café, which in the old days was crowded until the small hours, will be almost empty by half-past eleven. The new Prague has no time for night life. Our offices open at seven-thirty in the morning; our women have done their shopping by eight. In the factories the hours are long, and the wages have not been increased, but the men and women are willing to do more because they are doing it for themselves." I asked if nationalization was still regarded as a live political issue. "No, the only difference between the parties is that the Communists regard nationalization as a moral and social revolutionary success carried through by the vast army of workers. The other parties regard it as a transition from one phase of ownership to another. We are now, with the exception of Yugoslavia, the most highly socialized state outside the Soviet Union. Seventy-five per cent. of our industry belongs to the State, all factories or businesses, that is, with more

than 400 employees."

" We are as short of administrators as we are of skilled labour. Czechs were forbidden from responsible posts during the occupation. But just as with our voluntary work brigades and our Stakhanovite spirit in the factories, we are overcoming the problem of manpower, so we shall overcome the problem of management. To do it we must employ the best brains in the country, and not appoint managers for political reasons only. Here "—and Petr smiled —" I might be considered unorthodox by my party. Perhaps the solution lies in a single party representing the workers as a whole. After all, isn't it irrational to build a new social order on principles dating from the era of liberalism? We shall see . . . ."

With Josef, an elderly Christian Democrat, much respected Member of Parliament, I went to dine at Barrandov, a café built in terraces on a hill overlooking the lights of the nationalized industries of the capital, the celebrated Skoda among them, a hill, which is, incidentally, the home also of the Czech film industry, now winning international laurels with its coloured cartoons. We ate well, but somewhat expensively, of goose and the inevitable knedlik, or dumpling, for which we had to surrender no meal coupons. Accompanying the meal was a first-class dance orchestra, whose favourite tune was the veteran American piece, " Dancing Cheek to Cheek ". Many young Czechs, their workaday drab clothes brightened by the ties and scarves which are both cheap and off the ration, jigged up and down as spiritedly as the tiny floorstrip would permit.

" So you have been talking to young Petr," said my companion, " and he has been telling you, I don't doubt, that Czechoslovakia is going to vote the Communists in next year. Don't believe it. The Czechs are essentially *petty bourgeois,* and the Slovaks predominantly peasant. All of us are traditionally religious. Some of the younger generation, it is true, seem to feel no need of piety, but you should hear what the Slovak peasant has to say about these proselytizing townsmen with their political theories. The Church is his guide, always has been, always, please God, will be. And remember, the Church in Bohemia and Moravia—to me, of course, that means the Catholic Church, but we have a lively Protestant minority as well—the Church here is not compromised as in other countries, and has not been associated with the forces of reaction." This last phrase was said in inverted commas. " Archbishop Beran of Prague spent years in Dachau. But he is a modernist, and his sympathies are warm and human. When he goes to a football match on Sunday afternoon, and sits with the crowd, everyone cheers him. You must not think that because we, as a party, think more of the past than do our political opponents, we are therefore half-hearted in our support of the Two-Year Plan. Its target is high, but the means are moderate. It is for the good, obviously, of the country. It was not imposed by politics but dictated by national need. And you in Britain are the only other countrry which is really trying as a result of

wartime conditions, to run, as we are, nationalized industry and private enterprise side by side. Petr, of course, plays down the importance of the twenty-five per cent. of industry which is still in private hands. To me it is if anything the more important percentage just because it is there at all! Because I should hate to see Czechoslovakia a completely Socialist State. Our genius, like yours, lies in gradualness and compromise. How could totalitarianism be anything but an affront to a people who for so long have sung the Hussite Chorale? "

" You must not suppose me anti-Russian, though. All of us remember, and are profoundly grateful, that it was the Russians who were our liberators. Now they are helping us with food and raw materials, and buying our finished products. And like everybody else here, I feel that Russia stands between us and another Munich, and, in the present state of world politics, Russia only. *' Locus regit actum '*."

To this conversation I would add a short footnote only. In two of the principal squares in Prague, memorials have already been erected to the Russian liberators, and to them the visitor's attention is drawn with pride by host or guide, whatever his own political persuasion. One is the first Soviet tank to enter Prague, which now stands crowning a great column of stone with its gun barrel pointing skywards, surely one of the strangest of all statues; the other is a gigantic red star in flowers which commemorates the Soviet troops who fell in the fighting in the streets, and which is carefully tended and kept fresh for the greater part of the year. Both are symbols of that genuine affection of which Josef, old-fashioned liberal and Catholic as he is, had spoken.

My fourth conversation began and ended only in Prague, and otherwise was conducted during a long ride through the hedgeless countryside, into whose natural richness and fertility the drought had bitten hard. The beet which was being lifted was small and dry. The cattle, slowly led from plot to plot in search of pasture, were lean-shanked. The ploughshares raised a flurry of dust as they moved through the ground. The few private cars on the road—petrol is extremely dear—were nearly all products of the considerable Czech motor industry. But there were many buses, and lorries too, packed with city workers, for it was at the week-end, seeking refreshment of body and spirit in the open air. Bohemia abounds in country mansions, many of them ancient, which now belong to ministries and trade unions, and are run as hostels. In the mountain hotels which were once the privileged retreat of the wealthy, a worker can stay for thirty-five crowns (about 3s. 6d.) a day.

Much of this I learned from Ludmila, my Social-Democrat journalist friend, as we drove. I said that I had heard much about the Czech at work. I would like to know more of them at play. I had been to the opera, and to hear Kubelik conduct the Philharmonic Orchestra . . . . " Then you have seen our two most cherished cultural possessions," she said, " the old theatre, which was built by the people's crowns, and the young conductor who is the bright star of our musical life, and like his father before him, a great ambassador for

Czech music. There used to be a saying: 'Prague is the graveyard of opera singers.' It is not true now; the native talent is being carefully nurtured at the new Academy of Arts. Of course, we are Czech-conscious to a degree since liberation. Our horizons will expand again. Your Sadler's Wells ballet was a *succès fou.* But our own is a rich store; you know Smetana and Dvorak in Britain but what about Fibich, Foerster, Janacek, Novak, Suk, Ostrcil and Jeremias? And there are more than sixty Czech operas which are regularly performed! Our theatres flourish; there are nine in Prague. We play your Priestley and Emlyn Williams as well as Shaw. The effect of the Occupation was to emphasize for us the importance of the individual. It is now the actor round whom the stage revolves." I remarked that I had noticed the newspapers, though restricted in space, had long notices of concerts and plays, and of the arts generally. Ludmila agreed, and added ruefully: "Some people say our newspapers treat the whole of the news as if it were a dramatic performance which was being criticized. Since private ownership of the press was abolished by government decree—the law has still to be passed through Parliament—and was handed over to organizations, most of which are political, the grip of the parties has tightened. The front pages are full of speeches and criticisms of speeches. We've become correspondingly parochial in our treatment of foreign news. Part of the difficulty is the shortage of men and women capable of taking an intelligent and independent line. The Czech press before Munich was yellow. Many of the best known journalists were collaborators. A move in the right direction was taken last summer when a law was passed safeguarding the conditions of employment in the profession, and the immunity of editors from interference. One day, perhaps we shall have our *Times,* our *Manchester Guardian,* one day . . . ."

It is 'one day' for many of the hopes and aspirations the Czechs now hold, but Ludmila's face, as she looked out over the Bohemian plain to the hills beyond, had the dogged resolution I came to recognize as typical of the Czechs when they talk of the future.

SPEECH BARRIERS

By Clive Sansom

. . . . the men of Gilead said unto him, Art thou an Ephraimite? If he said, Nay, then said they unto him, Say now Shibboleth; and he said Sibboleth, for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him and slew him . . . . —Judges, XII.

TWO wars, with their attendant taxation, shortages and rationing, have caused a levelling of society. The rich are far less rich; the poor are far less poor, eating better meals, and sharing with the well-to-do the current fashions in dress. But there still remains the one great class-barrier of speech to which social reformers have paid all too little attention. We no longer find it easy to classify a man by his clothes, his food or his income, but let him once open his mouth and he proclaims his social position to the world. There are, to quote Mr. Cecil Roberts's American friend, the first-class-compartment voice and the third-class-compartment voice—" the owner of the voice that's kept waiting by the boss, and the owner that's shown right in by the office boy."

It is not so much the ' h ' which gives us away, as a foreign observer* has suggested in *The English*: *Are they Humán?* Uncertainty regarding the use or omission of that gentle consonant is largely a stage survival and reserved for comic butlers. But every one of the twenty-odd vowels and diphthongs in the English language is capable of betraying us. And this betrayal, together with its effect upon the listener, is not to be dismissed as snobbery. It is part of our national life and deserves as much serious consideration as housing or politics.

Nothing divides class from class so effectively as differences of pronunciation. The British working-man, as Mr. Wyndham Lewis has said, is " branded on his tongue ". With a few notable exceptions—which in no way disprove the rule—he stays penned within the fold of his class. And the loss is not merely the possible financial one, because it blocks his entry into many professions and occupations; there is the certain loss in understanding between one section of the community and another.

It also operates in reverse. People at the other end of the social scale are branded just as obviously. Their pronunciation reveals their class and upbringing, and makes it almost impossible for them to mix freely and talk freely with half their fellow countrymen, however strongly they may desire to understand and to be understood.

* G. J. Renier.

The English are notoriously unanalytical where English is concerned. But unconscious barriers are often tougher than conscious ones, and take far longer to destroy. We realize that a state of separateness exists but, not knowing the reason, cannot grasp the remedy. We attribute to " vulgarity " or " superiority " what is really due to language. " It's not what you say but how you say it " is profoundly true of all speech-relationships. A vowel-sound, a quality of tone, an altered emphasis, a different type of intonation—and all the associations and memories which these unknowingly set up—may be enough to prevent or break a contact.

It is surprising how little thought has been given to this side of sociology. In international relations we are fully aware of the language problem. We know that a large part of our inability to understand a Frenchman's character and motive derives from the different medium which he uses, not only for utterance, but for thought and feeling. He *lives* another language, as well as speaks it. In the study of backward nations, too, we realize the significance of speech, and agree with Professor Julian Huxley in *Africa View* that " You cannot be really at home with the inside of people's minds unless you think in their language." And yet, in home affairs, in the study of the relations between men and women of different classes, we disregard this factor altogether.

Exactly how much class-suspicion and misunderstanding is engendered by difference of ' accent ' is a matter on which psychologists and sociologists might spare a little of their time. And if, as one feels sure, a very considerable amount is attributable to it, might not the situation be remedied by teaching everyone to speak a common dialect?

This suggestion, of course, usually brings a storm of protest. There are some simple souls who even believe that speech is " natural " and should not be taught at all. One such person, no doubt, was the subject of this paragraph in a north-country paper a few years ago:

> A French orphan, Marie Labouchère, aged one year, has been adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Jones of . . . . In an interview with Mrs. Jones early this morning, I was informed that she and her husband intend learning French so that they will be able to talk to the baby when it grows up.

We all see the humour and fallacy of this. Yet many of us share a similar delusion concerning our own tongue. We have an idea that children learn to speak English by some divine instinct, whereas they acquire it laboriously by constant imitation. If there is no one to imitate—or if we cannot hear them, as with stone-deaf children—we are dumb. A year-old baby left on a desert island will remain inarticulate, except for grunts and animal noises, and possibly the imitation of bird-cries. A grown man in the same unfortunate situation will fall back gradually into inarticulateness—as Alexander Selkirk proved when, after five years, his rescuers " could scarce understand him; he seemed to speak his words by halves." The truth is that speech comes no more naturally to a child than writing does. He learns both forms of expression from us, the difference being that we teach him to write with considerable care and

thought, while we leave him to pick up speech as best he can.

A more intelligent criticism is that speech education may result in a dull uniformity. But this is less than likely. No two people can be made to speak exactly alike any more than they can be made to look alike. The roots of speech are in the personality, and however standardized the pronunciation may become, the finished product will always bear the stamp of individuality. The standardization of spelling has not resulted in uniformity of style. Current fashions in dress do not deprive women of their freedom of choice in cut and detail, or affect the individual manner in which those clothes are worn. A common dialect does not mean mass-produced speech.

Other critics will complain that, even admitting that speech should be taught in our schools and some standard of pronunciation arrived at, there is bound to be disagreement as to the exact form this should take. Mr. George Orwell, in *The English People,* suggests that this national accent designed to remove class-labels should be " a modification of Cockney or of one of the northern dialects." But this appears to be an example of that inverted snobbery to which the ' intellectual socialist ' is prone. A national accent already exists, and has been developing for centuries; there is no point in inventing another. It is called Standard English and has the supreme advantage of infuriating the fewest listeners over the widest area. Of course it is not, as Professor Lloyd James once pointed out, as rigid as a standard yard or a standard pint, but it is something which is instantly recognized and accepted by the majority of educated men and women. And if we are agreed that some standard of pronunciation should be taught in State schools, this is the obvious one for the purpose.

Whenever this is advocated, however, there arise a host of dialect-defenders. Few of these can speak a dialect themselves, nor would they dream of sending a child of their own to a school where he might acquire one—that is one powerful reason for the survival of the Independent school—but they are determined to defend to their last drop of printer's ink the right of other men's sons. When, in the House of Lords a few years ago, Lord Brabazon proposed that every boy and girl in this country should be taught to use a Standard English pronunciation by phonetically trained teachers, his peers were for once united in opposition. Liberals sprang to the rescue of linguistic liberty. Labour peers protested that the insulted working-man should be allowed to speak as he pleased. Conservatives were anxious (we will be charitable enough to say unconsciously) to preserve the *status quo*—for dialects are a symbol of those days when " there was a place for every one, and every one knew his place."

Nobody taking part in that debate seemed to realize that the teaching of Standard English in the school would in no way prevent children from talking a dialect outside it. In fact, in a dialect home it would be essential to use one, because that is the right type of speech for that particular environment. But the value of a dialect is confined to the home, class or locality which gave it birth, and to be able to speak *only* a dialect is a severe limitation. Besides,

there are so many other conditions threatening dialects more seriously than Standard English—and ones for which the Lords and Commons are largely responsible. Broadcasting, improved transport, and higher standards of living are all helping to alter our speech-patterns. For, as Professor James wrote:*

> You can't raise social standards without raising the speech standard, and since speech has come to be regarded as an aspect of social behaviour, it must be treated as such. The aim of education is to bring about a high standard of social behaviour, and if the purpose of education in the modern democratic state is to furnish equal opportunities for rich and poor alike, then speech education must be handled intelligently and not left to chance.

There are now many signs that this intelligent handling is on the way. It is true that most universities still ignore the subject and limit themselves to a study of the written language. But more and more training colleges for teachers are including speech training in their curriculum, and more and more schools—especially Primary schools—are giving systematic attention to it.

No doubt the war has been largely responsible for this acceleration. The mingling of classes between 1939 and 1945, in a more democratic army, in civil defence and the various social services, made people aware of the reactions caused by speech in different walks of life, and young men and women who are leaving the services to start emergency training courses for teachers show an unusually keen interest in the subject. Many of those to whom the present writer has lectured agree that bilingualism is the only solution to the shibboleths of pronunciation. Let every child speak in the way most serviceable to him in the playground or at home, but inside the school help him to acquire Standard English, so that he will at least have the choice of using it when he grows up.

At the same time, we have to realize that this classless dialect is more than a matter of sounds. With a little knowledge of phonetics, we can teach the vowels and consonants of Standard English, but this alone will not make it a living language. Every type of speech must have a background. The environment of a dialect has been the town or village, the home, the family, and the local traditions and associations. All these have given it vitality. So Standard English, to be successful, must also have a solid background. Sounds cannot live in a vacuum. Somehow we have to build up an environment in which this second language can develop as naturally as a dialect develops in the home.

For this, three factors have to be considered. First, the school building itself; the more beautiful and spacious it is, in a simple way, the better. Second, the teacher; he should not only serve as a model in speech, but must have a genuine contact with his pupils, for they will not 'catch' Standard English from him if he adopts a higher-than-thou attitude. And lastly—perhaps the most important of all—there is the whole range of English literature as a soil in which Standard English can find spontaneous growth.

In the past, literature has been a closed book to the average child, and one

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* *The Broadcast Word.*

that remained shut for the rest of his life. This was scarcely surprising when we consider the enormous classes, the exclusion of the majority of pupils from the benefits of Secondary education, and the fixing of the school-leaving age at fourteen. But there has been another serious reason. We have tended to regard literature as examination-fodder to be read silently and laboriously, providing material for questions quite outside the natural scope of a child's mind. Too often the letter destroyed the spirit of literature—no doubt because its essential quality is intangible, and examinations demand the tangible and assessible.

These faults are gradually being remedied. The new Education Act has raised the school-leaving age by one year, opened Secondary education to all, and done something to reduce the stranglehold of examinations. And, at the same time, more attention is being paid to the speaking of literature. We have come slowly to realize that plays were written for performance, and that children are more likely to enjoy and understand a scene by acting it than by studying it to themselves with the help of footnotes, glossaries and questions. But the same is no less true of poetry and the more contemplative side of literature. Poetry, too, is intended to be read aloud. Sound and rhythm are not only sensuously pleasing to the poet, and consequently to the reader; they are an integral part of his meaning. If we want children to find the true meaning of poetry—the best way is to let them speak it.

That so much has already been done is due in no small measure to Miss Marjorie Gullan, a Scotswoman who has devoted her great artistic talents to this end. Her work in developing and popularizing choral speaking has been responsible for opening the doors of English literature to many who would otherwise be deprived of this source of inspiration and enjoyment. In schools where her influence has been felt, children do not "appreciate" a poem from outside. It becomes a part of them, influences their emotions and imaginations, and changes, however imperceptibly, the current of their lives.

And, as has already been suggested, it becomes part of an environment for Standard English, and provides an incentive for the learning of this second language. For children are quick to realize that what is good enough for chatting to a friend, or buying groceries, is not good enough for a poem; and that while Standard English would be out of place for an old farm-labourer in a play, it is very much *in* place for the character of a king or a professor.

Because of all these influences at work, a common dialect is bound to develop eventually. But how much speedier the process would be if it were intelligently directed—if we ceased to take our daily speech for granted and gave to it the same logical consideration we have given to the teaching of, say, geography. After all, as Mr. E. C. Bentley has wisely pointed out, geography is about maps, but speech, like biography, is about chaps. It is the link between "Us" and "Them".

SIR HENRY IRVING

By Robert Hichens

FROM the age of fifteen until I was twenty I lived at Clifton in Gloucestershire close to the city of Bristol. There at Christmas time the Prince's Theatre used to present pantomimes and during the rest of the theatrical year was occupied by travelling companies. The Carl Rosa opera company gave a short season there every year, and "stars" from London turned up now and then.

My father, who was passionately fond of music, took me to hear the opera performances, but less often to plays. One day, however—I think it was in the late autumn—he said: "Irving, the famous London tragedian, who acts at the Lyceum Theatre generally with Miss Ellen Terry, is coming here with his company next week. On Saturday night he is going to act in a play called *The Bells,* and I have taken seats for us in the second row of the stalls." I felt very excited. I had heard of Irving but had never seen him, though I had seen his great friend, Mr. Toole, the comic actor, in London.

Saturday night came. I suppose I was about seventeen. Since then I have seen a multitude of actors, English, American, French, Italian, Sicilian, German, Russian, Jewish, and have known a good many of them personally. But I was about to see for the first time the most unforgettable character of them all. Henry Irving, in my opinion, at certain moments, in certain plays, was the greatest of them. The theatre was crammed. We sat in the second row of the stalls on the right facing the stage. There was an unusual atmosphere of excitement and expectation in the audience.

The curtain went up to show the parlour of an inn where some homely people, on a winter's night, were drinking, smoking, and discussing the murder of a travelling Polish Jew, who years ago had come to the village in a sledge with bells on the horses, and had been killed for his money in the country near by at night—"just such a night as this"—nobody knew by whom. While they gossiped they were awaiting the return of one of their most important neighbours, rich and universally respected, who had gone away to visit a famous fair at some distance. Snow was beating upon the windows, driven by a bitter wind. One could only see a faint suggestion of deep night beyond them. Suddenly the tall thin figure of a man became visible, hurrying through the snow past those windows; the inn door was flung open, and the man, wrapped in furs, strode in. As long as I live I shall never forget that entrance. It seemed to my excited youthful imagination that only a

man of genius could come in like that, and instantly, as with sheer mesmeric power, grip the intense attention of every human being in the audience. Irving took no notice of the applause, which seemed to continue for minutes, flung himself down on an ordinary kitchen chair in the centre of the stage, and began to undo his long boots.

At last the applause subsided, and one of the actors said that they had been talking of the murder of the Polish Jew just before Irving, in the character of Mathias, had come in. Still bending down over the boots Irving looked up and said: "Ah, you were talking of *that*—were you?" And in the far distance there seemed to be a faint sound of sledge bells. A shudder went through the audience. We knew we were in the presence of a man who was haunted. Mathias was the murderer of the Jew.

Some great actors are very ordinary looking men. One of the greatest, Coquelin Ainé, might, I think, have passed anywhere in a crowd unnoticed. Not so Henry Irving. Long before I ever knew him, or expected to know him, I saw him by chance one morning in Bond Street during the London season, and everyone was turning to look after him. He was totally unlike any other man I have met.

I believe he was probably a very handsome man. On the stage at moments he could look beautiful, with a sort of mysterious nobility; at other moments he could look terrible, devilish, satirical, sinister, saturnine; or kind, gentle, fatherly, mystically tender. I have often wondered *what* he really was. He was not handsome in any ordinary way, was no beauty-man. His appearance was essentially romantic, imaginative, and, as I think, intellectually aristocratic. He never looked like anyone else. He couldn't. He was essentially, I believe always, a being apart.

For many years, when I came at the age of twenty to live and work in London, I attended his performances in the Lyceum Theatre. I had no expectation of ever knowing him, but I was destined to know him. And though I was never intimate with him—I wonder whether anyone ever could have been—I had the chance of realizing some of the subtleties that lurked in his unusual character.

There was a great courage under his reserve; a curious reluctance to praise, or show interest in, merit or genius belonging to others who worked in the art he shone in; much generosity, cloaked by an appearance of casualness, both material and mental in his doings, and sometimes an astonishing indifference shown in connection with people he was supposed to be very fond of. I liked him immensely, besides admiring him whole-heartedly. I have no idea whether, or how much, he liked me though he was very kind to me.

I came to meet him in an unexpected way. Having made myself known as a writer I was brought into connection with a famous journalist, H. D. Traill, who one day said to me: "Sir Henry Irving wants me to write a play for him!" As Mr. Traill was quite unknown as a playwright, I was surprised at this,

but I didn't say so. "I feel inclined to have a try at it," he went on. "But I think I should like to collaborate with someone. What about *you*?" This remark astonished me still more, but, being young and very ambitious, as well as an ardent admirer of Irving, I was thrilled at the proposition and said: "If you think I am fitted to help you I should like nothing better."

Mr. Traill was an elderly man full of knowledge. I thought him very important and was amazed at his believing I could run in creative and literary harness with him. But a few days later he wrote that he had spoken to Irving about me, that Irving agreed to the proposed collaboration, and that he wished to meet me at supper and talk it all over. So I met him for the first time at the Traills' big house in Bloomsbury.

Many actors who fascinate on the stage seem ordinary enough and devoid of glamour when off it. In private Irving was, I thought, as remarkable as he was in public. In the first place, without ever seeming conceited or at all self-conscious, he had not a trace of shyness and was absolutely self-possessed. I am sure he was as completely at home with a Cardinal, an Archbishop, an Emperor or a Prime Minister, as he was with humble me at this first meeting. (His son, Harry Irving, inherited this gift of absolute and unvarying self-possession, which I have met with in very few people. There was nothing of vulgar arrogance, nothing of a desire to "show off" in it. It seemed perfectly natural, perfectly inevitable in both of them.)

At supper I sat beside him, and of course the proposed scheme was discussed. Having been for a winter to Egypt, with Mr. Traill's agreement I suggested to Irving that we might write a big drama for him laid in the time of the Pharoahs. He listened in silence, and with apparent attention, to all we both had to say on this subject, and when we had finished, jerked out: "Ha! Very fine! Very tremendous! But I, ha!, want a modern play." As modern plays were never given at the Lyceum Theatre, Mr. Traill and I were, to put it flatly, flabbergasted. "With an unusual part for me," continued Irving. "And Miss Terry?" said Mr. Traill. Irving made a slight gesture, as if waving someone away. "You can find something for her. Ha! But the character for me must be something strange. Occult perhaps. That's the word, oc-cult! Why not a doctor now? I could play the part of a doctor—couldn't I?"

We cordially agreed that Irving was eminently fitted for the part of a great physician. And during the rest of the night we turned over ideas for a play with a doctor in it. The milkman was going his rounds when, with apparent reluctance, Irving remarked tentatively that perhaps it was gettng towards time for bed, and got up. "Which way do *you* go?" he asked me. I said: "To Buckingham Palace Road." "Then we might walk together as far as Bond Street," he rejoined. And bidding adieu to the almost dropping Traills we set out together in the gathering daylight.

During the walk he was silent for some time. Then he began to talk

about a name for the play if it ever came into being. "It must," he said, "be connected with *my* rôle of the doctor." "Certainly it should, Sir Henry," I agreed. "When Traill and you have written it I'll find a name," he said. "What sort of character should Miss Terry have?" I said. "Contrast!" he said. "That's the chief thing. A complete contrast to my rôle. They like her. The public likes her. But this play is for me." We parted in Bond Street when the sun was beginning to try to show up.

Well, Mr. Traill and I wrote the play, Irving read it. Strangely, he approved of it, and gave it a name: *The Medicine Man*. It has been on record for years that the play was a complete failure, after a first night which drew a brilliant audience including the Prince and Princess of Wales.

During our many rehearsals I had seen glimpses of Sir Henry's character which had surprised me. One was his astonishing apparent indifference to the feeling of his famous partner, Miss Ellen Terry. She hated the play, thought it certain to be a failure, and showed this at the rehearsals. Sir Henry calmly ignored all her laments and protestations and didn't seem to care in the least for her opinion. All his attention was fixed on his rôle to which he had taken a fancy. When she was in despair he smiled and carried on. When she wrung her hands and cried: "What is there for me to do in this scene while you are down stage?" he would say, perhaps: "Invent any business you like," and begin to speak about what *he* was going to do. He was always polite but nearly always seemed totally indifferent.

Norman Forbes, who was in the cast, said to me: "The chief's very great, but he's a great egoist!" And this seemed to hit the mark. Not very long afterwards Ellen Terry and Irving separated.

When the play had failed and had been withdrawn another side of this strange character was brought to my attention. A man who has made a staggering failure in a famous theatre is usually afterwards given a very cold shoulder by the management. Nothing of this sort happened to me. On the contrary Sir Henry never showed me the least trace of his disappointment over our failure, to say nothing of irritation or contempt. Whenever I met him he was invariably kind, even cordial. When I gave a supper party for Madame Sarah Bernhardt he came to it, sat beside Madame Sarah, talked English to her which she didn't understand and listened to French from her which he couldn't comprehend; and all with the best grace and the best dignity possible. He invited me to a supper party for her in the beef-steak room of the Lyceum, and whenever he met me in society or alone he was gracious and charming. He showed himself to me as a man without apparently a trace of rancour in his disposition. He even acted to me on one occasion when we were entirely alone together. He gave me an example of his wonderful courage under misfortune. And he asked my opinion about a woman with whom I am certain that he was falling in love.

His performance for my solitary benefit took place behind the scenes of the

Lyceum during a pause in his performance of Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice.* I went to his room for some reason that I have forgotten, and found him looking exactly like one of the Moorish Jews I had encountered, when very young, in the ghetto, during a camping visit I had made to the city of Tetuan in Morocco, in the long ago days when Morocco was still really wild, with traces of savagery.

Something happened to be said about the harm drinking was doing in England, whereupon Sir Henry said that he had made a study of drunkards. "There are various types," he said. "There is the hilarious drunkard, the miserable drunkard, the pugnacious drunkard, the confiding drunkard who confesses his life to you without realizing what he is saying, the vicious drunkard, whose criminal propensities are emphasized by excess with the bottle. I'll show you a few of the types." And he proceeded in a few minutes to give me a quite astonishing exhibition of acting, passing from the too gay to the lamentable, from the violent to the sloppily confiding, and concluding with a short devilish, almost satanic, performance which reminded me vividly of his wonderful acting in the last scene of *The Lyons Mail,* when the criminal, looking out of the attic window, exults as he sees the innocent man condemned for his murder about to be executed. Then suddenly he stood before me as the innocent man, saved at the last instant, nobly calm in the moment of salvation.

The voice of the call boy was heard outside the door. "Ha! I must go!" And he walked on to the stage as Shylock.

One morning rather early I had to see him about something at the Lyceum. I found him alone, sitting at a table, unoccupied, with his head resting on his right hand. As I came in he smiled, greeted me, and then said: "Seen the paper this morning?" I said: "No; not yet. Is there any special news?" And he told me that during the night there had been a disastrous fire in an emporium—I think he called it "an Arch"—where all the wonderful scenery of his many Shakespearean productions had been stored. "They are all destroyed!" he remarked. I was shocked and asked whether they were insured. "Unfortunately I find they were not," he answered. I suppose I murmured some useless words of regret, but I remember that Irving said in a quiet voice: "Yes, it's a pity!" and then began calmly to discuss the matter which had brought me to him. He was a man of iron self-control. After Ellen Terry separated her career from his and began to act without him, he formed a strong friendship with a very clever woman who was a well known journalist, and who worked on the staff of a newspaper with which I was connected. Evidently Irving found out that I knew her. For one day when I was with him he said in his abrupt, jerky way: "Ha! You know Mrs. So-and-So, don't you?" "Yes," I said. "What do you think of her?" I replied that I thought she was very clever and witty. "But what do you think of her *character?*" he said. "I think very well of it, so far as I know it,"

I said. "H'm!" he ejaculated, looking fixedly at me. "So do I!" He never mentioned this lady to me again, but I afterwards knew that he became very devoted to her, and that she adored him. She often occupied the box nearest to the stage when he was performing, and when his funeral, at which I was present, took place in Westminster Abbey, his coffin was covered with a pall of laurel leaves made, I was told, by her hands.

That was a wonderful and very moving funeral, and Ellen Terry, who was there in the crowd, was heard to say when it was over: "*How* Henry would have loved it!" She knew the love and scrupulous care he lavished on all his Lyceum productions, and this had been a most noble funeral.

Irving was undoubtedly a man possessed of a strong hypnotic force, issuing from within, from what I can only think of as the soul of him. There was something mysterious about it, of which I was never more conscious than when, at a great charity matinée, given in one of London's most important theatres, I heard him recite Thomas Hood's poem, "The Dream of Eugene Aram."

Nearly all the stars of the stage appeared on that day and were applauded. At last came the turn of Sir Henry. Wearing a frock coat and a black cravat he walked on to the stage, and instantly abolished the memories of all those who had preceded him. I felt immediately how unique he was, how infinitely more interesting than anyone else on the London stage, or perhaps upon any stage. There was the strange illuminating fire within him. During the long recital a dead silence prevailed in the theatre. And when after all the passion and drama he had put into the poem, he spoke, with an almost terrifying coldness, the last two lines, for an instance this dead silence continued. We were bound captive to genius. And then the tumult of acknowledgment broke out like a storm.

There are only a few beings in this vast, variable world who have the power to cast a spell upon their fellows. Henry Irving was one of them. And as I felt it in his public life, in the exercise of his art, I felt it also in private. The few who possess this power remain unforgettable.

MIRACLE FOR CHRISTMAS

By Ruth Tomalin

DARK water from a well within the hill
was drawn to drown massed cowslips in the kettle—
cowslips whose gold outlives the daffodil,
waits for the wild rose, saw the celandine;
long-stemmed they spring, where yellow deadnettle
yawns into flowers like orchids of Brazil,
and by the pearled antenna and the petal
of speedwell's chalk-blue butterflies, the frill
of lady's smock, tall primroses and fine
marsh kingcups brazen-bright as flowers of metal,
and bugle's chiselled chessmen; milkmaids spill
their lilac, and in white flocks drift and settle
sun-roving orange tips; the cowslips still
stand foil to purple orchises, until,
in panic at mid-May, the year's new wine
calls for a thousand cowslips in the kettle
and water from the well within the hill.

This was the marriage feast: when catkins lie
withered in hedges, honey bees and bumble
follow the scents of primulas that cry
on the spring wind, from oxlips white and rare,
cowslip and primrose; thirsty brown bees mumble
drinking the paigle honey, singing fly
where cherry cockades shine, or to the humble
wood-ruff for silver sugar; and thereby
they sow a seedling April, flowered and fair,
long years away: yet these gold ghosts must crumble
like wan yeast in the kettle, and here die;
the dense mass bubbles, honey, stem and umbel,
the pollen and the dream, sweet flower and wry
green-tasting calyx, dew within the eye,
their woodland fragrance heavy on the air:

they do not come, brown honey bees and bumble,
where cowslips in clear water whispering lie.

Here is the miracle: dark water ran
under the chalk hill, shuttered from the light—
water that winks with flowers from the pan,
the oaken kettle, scrubbed and white with brine;
sunlight and darkness seethe, and all their bright
and secret essences distil: the span
of spring will challenge winter with delight
of sea-green cowslip, and December scan
this mystery, part homespun, part divine
(O murmur in the cask like bees in flight)
of cowslips changing water into wine.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY,
Sir,

PUBLIC RELATIONS

In his interesting article in the October number of THE FORTNIGHTLY "Newsman" has a brisk go at the National Coal Board. It has no sense, it would seem. Did it not, in its infancy, send round a junior official to the corporations already in existence, "such as B.O.A.C.", asking for tips on how to set up a public relations department?

But "Newsman" should complete his chronicle of the junior official's travels. For this individual also visited not only the British Broadcasting Corporation, to see how their efficient Public Relations Department is organized, but the General Post Office (to inspect the machine Sir Stephen Tallents had founded) and the London Passenger Transport Board (to hear from Mr. Brebner himself something of the publicity organization required by that busy, though comparatively small undertaking).

Perhaps the junior official's interest in these public enterprises was prompted by a desire to pick up the threads after six years of regimental soldiering; perhaps because he was reared in a family tradition of public relations conducted on behalf of private enterprise (and usually referred to by the honest name of "propaganda").

Or again, it may well have been that he set out on these inquiries under his own steam, without waiting for orders from above (if indeed those above were not already sufficiently pre-occupied with the impending take-over of £400 million worth of coal mines).

Yours faithfully,

"THE JUNIOR OFFICIAL".

National Coal Board,
Lansdowne House,
Berkeley Square,
London, W.1.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE OBLIGATION TO TRUTH

By J. Middleton Murry

MR. E. F. CARRITT has developed an elliptical and compressed style of writing —perhaps in reaction against the diffuseness of some of the ethical and political thinking of which (he says) he has been a "mass-observer" for 15,000 hours as an Oxford tutor. On that basis each page of this book* represents a distillation of 100 hours of tutorial dialectics. That is a high degree of concentration, which does not make for easy reading.

But if the journey is rather rugged, the conclusions are satisfying. Mr. Carritt is a stout defender of the unique reality of moral obligation against those who would reduce it to something quite different, or to nothing at all. Less familiarly, he argues that "whenever any moral issue is raised, and only then, our action is free; and consequently such voluntary actions, which I think should alone be strictly called actions, have no motive in the proper sense of a desire which compels to either choice." It seems a more novel doctrine than it really is: for there are few choices in life, even the most trivial, in which some moral issue is not involved, whether raised or not; moreover, it follows that the more constantly moral issues are raised in our lives, the freer we become. That corresponds, in part, to experience; on the other hand, it does not so well accord with the general sentiment that scrupulousness may easily be pushed to excess. It is very far from nonsense to say that a man is "the slave of his scruples." The habit of doing one's duty without having to reflect on it—in so far as duty is conceived as obedience to rational conscience and not to an external authority—is a disposition which the rational man seeks to acquire, and which is recognized as an increase, and not a diminution of liberty. "Whose service is perfect freedom."

Does that perfect freedom consist in an unremitting sense of moral obligation? In a sense, no doubt. "Thy will, not mine, be done" is the note. And that may be translated as an acknowledgment of and submission to obligation: but it approximates more nearly to what Kant called "the holy will".

Curiously—from my point of view, anyhow—Mr. Carritt does not enter into the question of what the moral fact involves. His main concern is to establish the fact. But, at the end of his argument and analysis, he almost raises the question. He first summarizes his own exposition:

> Rational beings take it for granted that they have the capacity for improving some states or activities of conscious being and often also that they have entered into undertakings with other rational beings which they have the capacity to fulfil. If they reflect on these assumptions they conclude that they have obligations differing in degree, and perhaps conflicting, to do all these things, and that their duty is to fulfil the strongest, and that they can do this if they choose. Yet on further reflection they realize that none of these assumptions is certainly true, though the conclusion drawn from them is formally correct. What is true is that they can do what they think their duty . . . Moreover, the formally correct conclusion is only clearly drawn where rationality is sufficiently developed for the necessary reflection to occur . . . Here arises a difficulty which I think the most fundamental in moral theory, but which I hardly find mentioned. The difficulty is to decide whether objective obligations actually come into existence

* *Ethical and Political Thinking*. By E. F. Carritt. Oxford University Press. 10s.

together with rationality. Rather tentatively Mr. Carritt inclines to say 'yes'. "It would seem that as we become rational we became obliged, and more obliged as we became more rational." The magnitude of the difficulty is not apparent to me; and it seems odd to say that it is hardly mentioned by the philosophers. Surely it was the central theme of Kant's moral philosophy that morality and rationality are identical: that rationality without morality is irrational. And this conclusion is at least implied in Mr. Carritt's own contention that human action is free only when a moral issue is raised. In any case, I find it impossible to attach any meaning to the concept of rationality apart from obligation. Rationality begins, surely, only when an obligation to seek and impart the truth is recognized. The crucial question seems to be: Do other obligations arise simultaneously? Can we, for example, conceive that one who recognized the obligation to seek the truth should seek to fulfil it by the vivisection of a human being? The thing appears to have been done in Nazi Germany. A similar possibility appears to have haunted the mind of Dostoevsky—the man who does evil deliberately in order to discover whether God exists. Dostoevsky's answer appears to be that such warped rationality destroys itself. Which we may believe to be true. Is it in essence irrational? Is there a necessary connection between the obligation to seek the truth and the obligation to beneficence?

I feel deeply that there is; but whether it can be stated clearly I am not sure. But it seems that the obligation to seek the truth must involve the obligation to seek the freedom of others to utter their truth, and criticize mine. The obligation to truth thus seems necessarily to involve the obligation to equal consideration of other persons. And it seems to follow further that rationality itself seeks a democratic ordering of society, on condition that democracy is bound, by its own adherence to rationality and morality, to secure freedom of thought and expression and organization to the minority.

Mr. Carritt himself comes to the same practical conclusion. "Democracy has a better claim on our allegiance than any other form of government . . . it is a better device for effecting what we ought to try to effect" provided it allows the fundamental freedoms. It is thus the form of society most favourable to morality, or moral development. Further, Mr. Carritt says, "its possibility demands a good deal of intelligence, and intelligence therefore is one of the things any government ought to promote." Any government does not mean any democratic government but any good government: thus it follows that any government, in so far as it is moral, will tend to promote democracy.

But Mr. Carritt does not directly relate morality and rationality, as I am impelled to do. Their identity is, in his exposition, only inferential. I cannot but regret that a philosopher of such dialectical skill and fundamental humanity has not grappled with the problem. He would, at least, have saved me much beating of brains.

THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH AND WORLD SOCIETY, edited by Richard Frost. *Oxford University Press.* 15*s.*

Among other activities, Chatham House organizes a periodical Unofficial Conference on British Commonwealth Relations, of which this volume may be regarded as a report. In preparation for this, the third such Conference, each of the delegations submitted papers dealing with the subjects for discussion. Of these there were more than sixty, ten being published volumes. It is of interest that a third of the papers were those of the Indian delegation. The work of summarizing these documents, which must have been a very difficult task, was undertaken by the Conference Recorder, the editor of this volume. That summary forms the first part of the book. The second part is a report on the work of the Conference. Each of these parts is divided into sections, but correlation of the sections in the two parts is not simple, since the first

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part contains eight sections, the latter only six.

No resolutions are adopted at these unofficial Conferences. Delegates are free to express any opinion they may hold, and diametrically opposed opinions are pressed with freedom and with vigour. In one Indian paper, for example, the view is expressed that a link with sterling would be the wisest policy to adopt in the matter of currency. On page 16 the opposite view is maintained, in somewhat exaggerated terms, in a paper submitted by another member of the Indian delegation. ". . . . Indian overseas trade . . . . must be permitted to run in channels which are not blocked by the sediment of sentiment relative to the British connexion. Indian currency and exchange must again be left untrammelled by the most disastrously artificial rupee-sterling link, especially in view of the fact that India is now *stated* to have emerged at least on paper as a creditor nation . . . ."

All the subjects discussed were of essential importance. At the moment possibly those dealing with race and migration within the Commonwealth, with Commonwealth defence and its relation to world security, and with the economic interests of the Commonwealth have the chief topical interest. When dealing with race and migration, the Conference was largely engaged in discussion of the position of Indians in the Dominions, particularly South Africa, and it was apparent that the decision of the Dominion of India to remain within the Commonwealth or to elect for complete separation may be influenced, possibly in important part, by the existence or the removal of the colour bar.

On migration generally it was felt that Australia needs increased population, but the urgency of that need, which has now become a vital question, was not so apparent in the discussions as might have been expected. The United Kingdom pointed out that migration from Great Britain could only be on a small scale, and there was nowhere a suggestion that these islands contain an excess population of millions.

In regard to world security, the importance of a regional approach was emphasized in many quarters, notably by the Australian delegation. All delegations supported the idea of a world organization, with which it was thought regional arrangements would not interfere. Both the New Zealand and the Australian delegations urged that, even with a world organization in being, a regional arrangement with the United States is essential to security in the Pacific.

The report on Economic Policy is the work of Professor A. G. B. Fisher. Among many subjects, the question of the Ottawa agreements was discussed and it seems to have been generally accepted that, while not sacrosanct, they provide valuable bargaining counters which should not be sacrificed save for important concessions.

This volume is a remarkable instance of successful condensation. The report on the actual work of the Conference, which sat twice daily for thirteen days, covers but sixty-four pages of print. There are useful appendices. One apparent misprint occurs on p. 145, where Lord Cecil of Chelwood is alleged to have said: "There is another school which tends to believe that social reform . . . will exercise the combative spirit of man". Though there is obvious truth in the statement as printed, it seems probable that Lord Cecil used the word "exorcise".

J. Hope Simpson.

LOST MEN OF AMERICAN HISTORY, by Stewart H. Holbrook. *Macmillan.* 16*s.*

WOODROW WILSON AND AMERICAN LIBERALISM, by E. M. Hugh-Jones. *The English Universities Press.* 5*s.*

Mr. Holbrook's book is fresh, informative and entertaining. He is a non-

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cynical debunker, a picker-up of unconsidered trifles, a very Autolycus of history. He is a connoisseur of historical bypaths, a confirmed champion of neglected rights of way. And this, fortunately, not, like so many travellers, from ignorance of the highways or even a perverse avoidance of them, but from a serious reflection upon the history of his own country and a questing curiosity which will not accept text-book say-so for an answer. If, as some have contended, the secret of history is the asking of the right questions, Mr. Holbrook deserves high marks as a historian. Nor should anyone try to laugh off his volume because it contains no battery of footnotes and only a reasonable bibliography. Behind the easy flow of Mr. Holbrook's disquisitions there lies no small amount of study and inquiry.

Some of Mr. Holbrook's 'finds' are the result of scraping the heavy pigments of myth off the national portrait of America—the legend of '76, or the fancy that all pioneers since the *Mayflower* conquered the wilderness with log cabins. Professional historians have long agreed that these impositions were the work of later hands anxious to improve on Clio's own brushwork, but Mr. Holbrook's book is the first attempt, so far as I know, to make these conclusions available to a larger public. Other of Mr. Holbrook's discoveries come from the even simpler, but so seldom employed procedure, of really looking at the picture with a seeing eye and so observing a mass of details that you or I could have seen for ourselves, but did not. The Dred Scott decision raises the question, Who was Dred Scott? Eli Whitney's 'cotton gin' sets him asking what else a mechanical genius of such capacity may have invented besides. Horatio Alger is, of course, a byword—but what are the facts behind the byword? For the rest —and there is a richness about Mr. Holbrook's book which is not its least attractive quality—he has simply unearthed with terrier-like sureness and thoroughness a host of influential and entertaining figures of the American past, from Robert Johnson, who proved that tomatoes were not poisonous, to Ignatius Donelly, Baconian, Utopian and the Francis Place of Populism.

If the complaint should be raised, as indeed it well might be, that in the present state of English ignorance it is not the Lost Men of American History who need to be found, but the Known Men re-introduced, Mr. Rowse's 'Teach Yourself History' Series is to hand to perform the office. Mr. Hugh-Jones has contrived, with daring and success, to present in about 50,000 words both a biography of Woodrow Wilson and a narrative history of his times. The task is one to daunt the stoutest heart, tying together as it does the home-bred, almost parish-pump problems of the New Freedom, with the *monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens* of the first world war and the first world peace. It is a signal triumph which Mr. Hugh-Jones has achieved—a triumph of vividness and clarity. To grasp the measure of his success read his chapter on "The New Freedom at Home" and see how these intricate and peculiarly American economic-political measures of reform fall easily and comprehensibly into place.

On the great issue of Wilson and the Peace, argument will persistently revolve about the two opposing poles, that his perfectionism undid him, and that nothing less than perfectionism would have been equal to the demands of the situation. Mr. Hugh-Jones has not attempted, in his brief space, to argue the case for one or the other, though his sympathies appear to incline to the first. He has been content instead to show us how Wilson's background and personality made it impossible for him to act otherwise than he did; "a truly Greek Tragedy, the tragedy of the honest man driven by an inward compulsion to a course of action which the audience alone can see to be fatal."

H. G. NICHOLAS.

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The words of our present Prime Minister that "Europe must federate or perish" are by now familiar to many people in this country, if not to those outside it. This book is, broadly speaking, in support of the idea of European federation, although this is not its only theme. However, the main conclusion reached is that we shall not have peace in Europe, and without peace in Europe there can be no stability in other parts of the world, unless and until Europe federates.

Mr. Firsoff has written his book as a series of essays, each of which is "more or less complete in itself, but all of them taken together form . . . . a larger logical whole, from which certain conclusions ought to emerge." The essays are either short historical surveys, mainly concerned with particular areas of Europe, or are discussions of a number of political questions, such as nationalism and international law, which are world problems every bit as much as they are European ones. Certain conclusions do emerge, but not perhaps as clearly as they might, and some of the historical surveys tend to repeat themselves, especially with regard to the events of the last thirty years.

As has been said, the federal idea is put forward as the only tenable international organization for Europe. In order to reach this conclusion, the "illusion of national sovereignty" is exposed and the history of international relations is traced. The author deals at length too with the problem of race in Europe—his conclusion is that nationality, as we understand it to-day, is "not a biological but a cultural phenomenon"; with Pan-Germanism and Pan-Slavism both of which he 'debunks'; with Central and South-Eastern Europe—again we have the federal solution; and with Russia, which country he maintains is essentially a European one and is backward, relatively to Western Europe, primarily on account of centuries of foreign rule.

Much has been left unsaid, and this the author acknowledges in his preface. One particular aspect of European unity with which we in this country are vitally concerned is the effect of any action by Great Britain, the founder member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, on the other Commonwealths and on the Colonies. This is a very real problem, which recently came to the fore, and prominently so, during the Paris talks on the Marshall Plan. Unfortunately, Mr. Firsoff has nothing to say on this subject. However, there is probably no ground for censure in this for even the recognized authorities seem loath to express an opinion about it, let alone to offer a solution.

The book, dealing as it does with a topical subject, suffers at times from the fact that it was written during the war years and is only now published. In order to bring his work up to date the author has added a chapter as a postscript. In this he has to an extent gone back on statements made earlier in the book. Events are hard facts, not to be denied, and they do not always fit in with what individuals would like to happen.

R. S. BURLES.

THE RISE OF THE SPANISH AMERICAN EMPIRE, by Salvador de Madariaga. *Hollis & Carter.* 21*s.*

Don Salvador is stung to the defence of the Hispanic body historic, as one of the designs in the pattern of world civilization, by what he calls the "superstitious prejudice against Spain among Anglo-Saxon historians"—the accusations of inordinate cruelty and greed on the part of Spain's empire-builders, the Inquisition and all that. Because of that prejudice, he maintains, the considerable achievement of the conquistadores and their successors has never been appreciated at its true value.

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for law, alongside the fervour of their religious faith. They nearly always applied for some official sanction, he points out, before starting on their expeditions. They were conscious agents, that is to say, of a civilizing mission, expressed in a recognition of the equality of all men before God, whatever their caste or colour. The indigenous Indians were thus, as a matter of principle, accorded *status* —and, positively, were liberated from the condition of slavery that obtained in the New World in pre-Colombian days. True, there were certain anomalies in practice—such as the quasi-feudal institution of *encomienda* and the importing of negro slaves. The author explains away these two facts, somewhat plausibly, as necessary compromises imposed by the problem of labour in undeveloped lands; and, in any case, the Christian conscience was inured to negro slavery—the blacks, after all were not subjects of the King of Spain." The point is that the conception of the Spanish Empire was never what we term "colonial": the description—*esos reinos* (across the seas), on a footing of equality with the kingdoms of the Peninsula, linked up to *estos reinos* (in Europe) by the person of the King, suggests, on the contrary, affinities with the British Commonwealth of nations. In fact the new kingdoms were "grafts" of Spain on Indian soil. They differed from one another "in that the soil and the root and the stem on which the graft was made were wide apart: Aztec, Araucanian, Maya, Inca." The *mestizo* was the prototype of the resulting graft—save in the Antilles where the negro slave element predominated and became that one of the three races which was most directly attached to the soil.

Naturally, then, these new societies struck out on independent biological lines. The Council of the Indies earned —and maintained—an impressive reputation as the embodiment of remote control, while the Viceroys worked manfully to preserve the authority of the imperial Crown. But it was the Church, through the flower of its missionary intelligence, which at first enjoyed the reality of power, only to cede it gradually to the *cabildos* (as it were, municipal councils) which were fully representative of local trends, feelings and interests, if scarcely "representative" in the narrowly political sense. In this respect the best Spanish tradition of municipal government was successfully transplanted—whereas the Cortes as an institution, we are told, never struck root in the Indies. There was the inevitable tension between the local oligarchies, mostly Creoles, and the Crown officials, mostly Europeans, such as we know in British colonial territories like Kenya. There was cruelty, oppression, corruption—which, however, must be judged by the standards of those times. But, withal, there was conspicuous economic well-being and a flourishing intellectual life; education, it may be recalled, was based on the classics not on Spanish history, and the priests did not fail to utilize one or other Indian tongue as a *lingua franca.* Señor de Madariaga has an admirable chapter on the text that "the chief features of this way of living were freedom, wealth and style."

What happened in Spain after the glorious sixteenth century was, of course, reflected in the Indies, except that the disastrous economic policy of the motherland did not produce for some time the same effects. It is interesting to observe the change in the rule of Spain that was ushered in with the Bourbon dynasty.

The present volume is to be followed by another which will discuss the contemporary and external causes of the disintegration of that Spanish Empire. Meanwhile English readers will particularly relish the vignette (page 125) in which the author hits off the difference between conquistadores and great British privateers like Drake and Raleigh. And they will detect in his estimate of the Empire just that amount of special pleading which makes all Señor de Madariaga's work so delightful.

WILLIAM CARTER.

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The four volumes of Marlborough, which have been unobtainable for some time, are here completely reset in two books without deletion from the original text and with all maps and plans retained. With two portraits in photogravure and many documents in facsimile.

Cloth-bound, 50*s. net the set.* Leather-bound, 4½ *gns. net the set*

BRITISH DRAMA

Allardyce Nicoll

Professor Nicoll is undoubtedly the pre-eminent historian of the drama in our day, and this revised edition of a famous work brings his dissertations on the subject right up to date. He writes with enthusiasm and warmth and very pleasurably imparts this appreciation to the reader. 12*s.* 6*d. net*

Two new biographies for early January

TERESA

Austin K. Gray

This story of Byron's last mistress is a masterly presentation of a romance that might well have come from the fiction of Byron's own period. The portrait of Teresa Guiccioli is presented with sympathy and understanding, substantiated by the author's patient research. With 8 half-tone plates. 12*s.* 6*d. net*

WARRIOR BARD

Edward and Stephani Godwin

A life of William Morris comes appropriately at this time. The authors live in Morris's famous house, Kelmscott Manor, and have enjoyed close friendship with the artist's daughter, Miss May Morris, who furnished them with intimate anecdotes and personal reminiscences. Illustrated. 8*s.* 6*d. net*

GEORGE G. HARRAP & CO. LTD.

SOUTH AMERICA UNCENSORED, by Roland Hall Sharp. *Longmans Green.* 15*s.*

South America Uncensored was printed in the U.S.A. in June 1945, and reprinted on that side of the Atlantic in September 1945. The copy that has now reached us seems to have come from that second printing. The English price of 15s. is gummed over the original price of $3.50 on the dust jacket. The book is to a large extent already long out of date. The text runs to 329 pages, of which 150 pages are mainly wartime political reportage. The remaining half contains matter for an energetic and vivid travel book. Dr. Sharp, with constant and disarming gusto, chugged up tropical rivers, climbed in and out of the Andes, attended Latin American Conferences, interrogated experts on rubber, soil and transport, listened to liberals and fascists, watched military parades, tirelessly photographed anything and everything. Over a period of years he telegraphed and airmailed his findings to *The Christian Science Monitor;* then he bundled together the whole collection. *South America Uncensored,* like the jungle itself, contains masses of exciting and valuable vegetation, and much dead wood.

The author writes pleasantly of lesser objects, such as the hammock, which has not yet been replaced by the bed in northern South America (except in cities). "No wonder rhythm-loving Brazilians like their hammocks." He is a connoisseur of Brazilian gestures:

> For superspecial occasions the Brazilian reserves this one. He lifts his right hand, reaches behind his neck and pinches his left ear lobe. This means the ultimate in approval, delight, admiration. For less demonstrative occasions, the Brazilian pinches lightly the lobe of his right ear.

In the index there are three references to the word 'Poetry'. If you turn back as indicated, you will find that on two of the pages the reference is to the "sheer beauty" and "poetic imagery" of a speech made by the Mexican Foreign Minister, Ezequiel Padilla, during the Conference of American Foreign Ministers at Rio de Janeiro in 1942. All is grist to Dr. Sharp's mill, and one cannot but admire the facility and enthusiasm with which he assimilates such a large and strange assortment of raw material.

'J. C. DEL VALLE.'

THE ELEMENTS OF MORAL THEOLOGY, by R. C. Mortimer. *Adam & Charles Black.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Regius Professor of Moral and Pastoral Theology has written a volume mainly for the guidance, we imagine, of Anglican priests who, in the Confessional, have constantly to form judgments as to the rightness or wrongness of actions as judged by the Law of God. He follows pretty closely the main lines of treatment in the classical tradition of the medieval Church, and at only one point, in his treatment of Law, does he seriously break away from it. The first 100 pages lay the foundation for his detailed study of the Christian virtues, and he discusses in succession the Christian understanding of man, the relationship of Christianity to Law, the nature of Christian morality and conscience, and from these he formulates his discussion of the four cardinal virtues of temperance, justice, prudence and fortitude, and the three theological virtues of faith, hope and love. The discussion is often acute, and the second part of the book is likely to be of greater service than the first but, taking the book as a whole, it can hardly be said to be the book that not only Anglican priests but many others desiderate.

The truth is that Canon Mortimer gets off to a bad start and thereafter he constantly shakes our confidence in his formulation of basic principles. His first thesis is that we understand an object when we understand the purpose which it is designed to serve. He himself uses the illustration of the hospital which, he says, is understood by the comprehension of its end in the relief of suffering. Now that simply will not do, for precisely the same end is true of the doctor's surgery,

CASSELL BOOKS

for Christmas 1947

HANDEL

by NEWMAN FLOWER

Newman Flower's Life of Handel has been known for many years as the standard work in English. But since its first appearance the author has continued his research, and has incorporated much new matter in this entirely redesigned edition. *Royal 8vo., 4colour plates, 24pp. of illustrations,* 27/6 *net.*

THE FOUNTAINHEAD

A NOVEL by AYN RAND

A long, dramatic novel by the author of *We, The Living,* telling the story of Howard Roark, architect, whose sole aim in life was to build but who aroused enmity in friends and rivals alike and even in those who loved him. A book of tremendous scope in an unusual setting. *Demy 8vo.,* 15/- *net.*

MEXICO SOUTH

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A magnificent book by the author and artist of the famous *Island of Bali,* covering the geography, ethnology, anthropology, archæology, history, economics, literature, music, folklore, religion, food, drink and sex customs of southern Mexico. 9½ *in. by* 6¾ *in.,* 8 *paintings,* 92 *drawings,* 96 *pp. of photographs,* 45/- *net.*

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by GERMAN ARCINIEGAS

A history of the Caribbean Sea by a native of the region, beginning with the Florence of the Medici, the voyages of Columbus, Amerigo Vespucci, Guido da Verrazzano, the expeditions of Hernan Cortes and Pedro de Alvarado and on through four centuries of exploration and struggle. 16 *pp. of illustrations,* 21/- *net.*

DECEMBER 18

BALZAC

by STEFAN ZWEIG

The last work of Stefan Zweig and a brilliant biography. Decorated with 31 vignettes from engravings by the contemporary artists Gavarni, Daumier, Vernier, Emy, Trimolet and Gagniet. A 3-page fold shows a portion of a Balzac MS, his corrected proof and the published page. 7 *pp. of illustrations,* 21/- *net*

LEWIS CARROLL

by FLORENCE BECKER LENNON

A biography of the author of *Alice in Wonderland* which investigates the problem of how the conventional Oxford don who was the Rev. Charles Dodgson produced a complete bible of folklore, poetry and mythology for children between lectures on geometry at the University. 6 *pp. of illustrations,* 15/- *net.*

a psychological clinic and even, some would hold, of Christian Science. The hospital is not understood except in terms of a particular organization and a particular means to serve its final end. That same ambiguity of thought occurs not infrequently in the text. In the all-important chapter on "Conscience" within the space of two pages (75/76) conscience is the norm of morality, an act of determination and a judgment, and the discussion in the chapter itself varies uncertainly between the three. At another point he is clear that it is less heinous to steal a small amount than a large, which means that a burglar who hoped to find £1,000 in a safe and found only a few coppers is really less guilty than if his hopes had been realized.

Gravest of all is his discussion of the right of the Church to excommunicate. The Church is right, he holds, to excommunicate a person following his own conscience if, in the judgment of the Church, the action to which such private judgment led would be injurious to society, and then he adds that this does not preclude the possibility that the ecclesiastical authority might make a wrong judgment. But if that be so how much is left of the moral right to excommunicate? What Canon Mortimer has actually done appears from the index. This contains no reference whatsoever to the Gospels, and only nine to the Bible as a whole, whereas the references to Thomas Aquinas number more than thirty. He has, in fact, written an exposition of an exposition, but it is gravely to be feared whether the distinctive Christian ethic and standards of judgment have not almost disappeared in the process.

B. C. PLOWRIGHT.

THE ARROW AND THE SWORD: An Essay in Detection, by Hugh Ross Williamson, with a preface by Canon V. A. Demant. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The main thesis of Hugh Ross Williamson's book is that the death of William Rufus (killed by an arrow in the New Forest in 1100) and that of Thomas à Becket (killed by the sword in Canterbury Cathedral in 1170) were ritual murders the true cause of which is to be found not in political or social affairs but in the mysteries of primitive religion. Mr. Ross Williamson, indeed, suggests that both Rufus and Becket were killed as reincarnations of the Slain Victim of the old fertility cults, as willing sacrifices to Lucifer, the god of Light, the god of the Mithraic religion; that, in fact, *Murder in the Cathedral* is directly connected with *The Waste Land.* Startling as it may seem that an English king and an English archbishop could be initiates in an essentially pagan cult, yet there are certain remarkable similarities between the two events. Each man, for instance, seems to have anticipated his death and to have done nothing to prevent it; in each case, too, news of the death was spread all over England and, indeed, over Europe in the most astonishingly short time. The people seem to have been waiting for the deaths and to have recognized them as of great significance.

For an explanation Mr. Ross Williamson says we must look to those early religions whose basis was in dualism—the belief that there were two eternal principles, Good and Evil, Light and Dark; that the world was created not by the good but by Satan, the Demiurge. One great chain of myth and ritual which hung from this belief has been made familiar by Frazer's *The Golden Bough*: the Slain King who dies both for the rejuvenescence of nature and for the sins of the tribe. And more recently we have been made aware, by M. Denis de Rougemont's *Passion and Society* and by the work of other scholars, of the enormous influence of dualism through Manicheism, Gnosticism, the Cathar Church, and the Troubadours. Behind all these lay the belief that matter was evil and that salvation was to be obtained only by escape from the body. Hence contempt for procreation and marriage, and hence the cult of frustrated

Autumn and Winter Book List

THE BIG SKY

A. B. GUTHRIE

One of the outstanding novels of the year from America, which was on their best selling list throughout the Summer of 1947.

" One of the finest novels ever written about the North West . . . a profound understanding of a vanished way of life and a rare capacity to convey its essential quality."—*New York Times.*

" We have rarely had a full length portrait statue of any man so sound, so convincing, so rounded as this portrayal of Boone Caudell, the Kentucky mountain man."—*New York Herald Tribune.*

ERNEST HEMINGWAY rated The Big Sky among the four best books he had read by new writers.

J. P. MARQUAND in *Time* singled out Guthrie as one of the best of young writers.

12/6 *net*

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GEORGE TABORI

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The autobiography of a man of action

J. R. P. POSTLETHWAITE

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9/6 *net*

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A first novel

SHIPLEY ADAMS

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CONRAD RITCHER

" A book of authentic and deeply moving stories of pioneer American life by the author of *The Free Man* and *Tacey Cromwell.*

9/6 *net*

Wooden Stars

The Story of the Lanchester Marionettes, in photographs by DOUGLAS FISHER

Waldo and Muriel Lanchester have led the modern renaissance of English puppetry, and the Lanchester Marionette Theatre has appeared at the International Exhibition in Paris and by command at Buckingham Palace. C.E.M.A.—now the Arts Council of Great Britain—have sponsored the Lanchester tours since 1943, the date when Douglas Fisher started taking the photographs that fill this fascinating book.

10/6 *net*

T. V. BOARDMAN & CO., LTD.

14 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1.

love and even of homosexuality.

says the author, is the complex flow of thought and belief behind his subject. He does not claim that *The Arrow and the Sword* is a work of original research, but, so far as I know, it is the first book which co-ordinates these various lines of investigation for the benefit of the ordinary reader, and in doing this it is concise, intuitive and entertaining.

I am no historian and cannot attempt to evaluate the historical evidence which Mr. Ross Williamson brings forward about the deaths of Rufus and Becket; indeed, I wish that this study did not hinge on these. No doubt it is amazing that the cult should have persisted so long into the Christian era, but the twelfth century is still a long time ago, and Gnosticism is no dead heresy but a tremendous way of thought which threatens any day to become effective again in the minds of men. But of this, to judge from his chapters on the theological implications, Mr. Ross Williamson is very much aware.

NORMAN NICHOLSON.

PORTRAIT OF HORACE, by Alfred Noyes. *Sheed and Ward.* 16*s.*

Horace has had friends in every century since his own. Dare I assert that one must be old or elderly to enter fully into this friendship? That would be to rob the young and middle-aged of much present pleasure, not of the richer inheritance which is maturing for them. For as old books, old wine, old pictures and furniture, old buildings, old trees, and an old, old countryside keep their deeper secrets for those who are ageing too, so these others have something still to learn. When we are young we may find the Sabine Vale reflected in some October morning as the mist clears from the edge of the woodland; until we are mature it will not belong to us as it did to Horace.

One gift is preserved for old age, the gift of memory. The treasure lay long forgotten. Some chance word may open the golden lock; or it may be some scent from a long-past spring, some 'cello note with the echo of a voice, some sentence of our own; half-written, bidding us peer within. Horace draws constantly on such memories. Many of the Epistles and Satires are confessedly transcripts from experience. In the Odes childhood lives again, as in the story of the little boy lost on the mountainside.

This book represents the approach of a poet to another poet. The relationship allows him to penetrate obscurities hidden from textual critics. We may not always follow him all the way; we are pretty certain to find stimulus and suggestive new meanings for old passages. Mr. Noyes has concentrated on the Odes. Horace himself proclaimed these to be more enduring than bronze. He would be a dull reader who did not find his delight enhanced in their lyrical qualities. These verses sing—one might almost say for those who know no Latin. "*Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume.*" "*Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo—Dulce loquentem.*" Here is "quiet music," and it is not to be rendered in any translation. But the author makes us hear again the echo of the young girl's sweet contralto, her laughter "so musical and low."

Now it is true that the metrical beauties of Horace do not yield themselves up except in the original. We are false to his poetry if we put them in the forefront. Mr. Noyes says two admirable things on this point. Form is not merely external; it is "the outward sign of an inner harmony." And again, in its finest examples poetry "reflects every inflexion of thought and feeling, so that they come to us exactly as they left the poet." Under the discipline of line and measure to which Horace submitted "the metrical form gives to every syllable the precision of a note of music."

So far his poetry: what of the man himself? If he is our friend we shall not be content with the facile judgments once passed upon him, and not yet remitted in some quarters. One of the ser-

THE CHILTERN LIBRARY

The following titles have been published during 1947 at 8s. 6d.

The Golden Ass of Apuleius
in the translation of William Adlington, with an Introduction by Louis MacNeice.

Shelley in Italy
An Anthology of Poems, selected with an Introductory Essay by John Lehmann.

On Art and Socialism
Essays and Lectures by William Morris, selected with an Introduction by Holbrook Jackson.

In a Glass Darkly
by Sheridan Le Fanu, with an Introduction by V. S. Pritchett.

Roderick Hudson
by Henry James, with a preface by the Author, with an Introductory Note by Michael Swan.

Mary Barton
by Mrs. Gaskell, with an Introduction by Lettice Cooper.

Cousin Phillis and Cranford
by Mrs. Gaskell, with an Introduction by Elisabeth Jenkins.

What Maisie Knew
by Henry James, with a Preface by the Author, and an Introductory Note by Michael Swan.

The Spoils of Poynton
by Henry James with a Preface by the Author, and an Introductory Note by Michael Swan.

The Life of Charlotte Brontë
by Mrs. Gaskell, with an Introduction by Margaret Lane.

JOHN LEHMANN

SYLVAN PRESS

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A BOOK OF ENGLISH INN SIGNS
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vices done by this essay is to rescue Horace from the associations of "*Nunc est bibendum*" (wrenched from its context) and the praise of Falernian (which he once contrasted to its detriment with his home-made wine). His background, in Mr. Noyes's "Portrait", is that of a man of solid integrity, the son of a freedman who owned a peasant origin in the same breath that he claimed immortality. One great English writer strove to conceal the fact that his father was a tailor. Horace wrote of his slave-born father in one of the most tender tributes in literature; and he wrote it in the atmosphere of a court for the Roman aristocracy. The Sabine Farm, fourteen miles from Rome, was not an escape from life or a rural paradise where he could sit down and write pleasing trifles. It was a place where he could learn to live, to think, and pass his message on.

Where is the Sabine Farm? It is nowhere and everywhere. It is in English fields and on hills by the sea; in the autumn sunset of a London square; in a lamplit study and a prison cell. It has neither latitude nor longitude. It is to be found by disciplined minds and simple hearts. *Favete linguis!* The crowd has no place here.

W. THOMSON HILL.

COLLECTED POEMS, by Siegfried Sassoon. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A faithful public has been awaiting this poet's harvest, and it will not be disappointed in the yield. Mr. Sassoon is a writer who is explicit in his artistry, taking pains to cultivate a technique of candour, so simple and direct that it serves to hide the subtleties of personality in the man behind the work.

In this I should compare Mr. Sassoon with Michael Drayton, that seeming-calm Elizabethan whose muse flowed so melliflously and with such bucolic decoration, revealing only on one or two occasions a sudden glimpse into a very abysm of passion and spiritual tumult.

The tumult in Mr. Sassoon's life and work occurred during the 1914-1918 war, and it stirred him to such an inspiration of irony and savage satire that he was famous overnight. But the reputation which he made by those war poems was not the one he wanted to exploit further. His subsequent work, gentle, slow moving, deliberately carved in verse and prose, has removed him from the turmoil and the interest of the advance guard of contemporary letters. This work has taken on an old-fashioned mannerism, Edwardian almost; in an English countryside of rich middle-class leisure, dogcarts, cricket and the winter hunt, with interior scenes discreet with cultured conversation and salted with an occasional literary personality whom the author has encountered in the amateur pursuit of letters.

In sum, Mr. Sassoon may be remembered not for that indignant outburst of his early years. I think of him rather as an elegiac poet, addicted to nostalgic reflection over the snows of yesteryear (like Thomas Hardy), and withdrawing more and more toward an interior privacy that removes him from contact with the problems of the contemporary world. As he says:

> I am that man who with a luminous look
> Sits up at night to write a ruminant book.
> I am that man who with a furrowing frown
> Thinks harshly of the world—and corks it down.
>
> I am that man who loves to ride alone
> When landscapes wear his mind's autumnal tone.
> I am that man who, having lived his day,
> Looks once on life and goes his wordless way.

Whatever the grim economic moralists may say of this (I suspect they will call it escapism), the result is a body of Virgilian verse most musical to the ear, and most conjurative to the spirit of the reader who still dares to look back on a Liberal England which at the turn of the century offered a culture that was the flower of many centuries of tradition, rooted in a past reaching down to the glory and splendour of Greece and Rome, a sustenance sufficiently moulded to be autumnal.

RICHARD CHURCH.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

"THE habit of reading greedily and indiscriminately" is the agreeable advice of Eric Linklater to those who would learn THE ART OF ADVENTURE (*Macmillan.* 10*s.* 6*d.*). This collection of essays includes studies of men whose interests lie as far apart as Field Marshal Alexander's and James Bridie's. The three chapters on Robert Burns and his ill-used Jean Armour are real contributions to any interpretation of the poet's lusty genius. Those who watched General Mason-Macfarlane's victorious assault on the House of Commons two years ago, and followed with anxiety his brief sojourn there, will appreciate the acute little picture of him as the Governor of Gibraltar. Lucky Mr. Linklater to have coped with Ralph Richardson's insomnia by witnessing at the foot of his bed the actor's transformation into Henry Irving!

Yesterday's playhouse

The climax of that marrow-chilling display was Ralph Richardson's blithe "I never saw Irving, dear boy." All who share this misfortune of being born too late may see how the influence of Irving permeated the Edwardian theatre in CARRIAGES AT ELEVEN by W. MacQueen-Pope (*Hutchinson.* 21*s.*). This fast moving account of plays, players and playgoers dispenses tremendous knowledge of the 1897 to 1914 stage with a light touch. Our parents will greet with delight the copious photographs, some of which, happily, show the features of those who adorn the theatre to-day. Not least of the charms of this book is its presentation of those good manners which seem to be less a part of the Georgian *tout ensemble.*

All our pomp

A vignette of Edward VII closes Oliver Warner's CAPTAINS AND KINGS (*Allen & Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*). The other monarchs who give titles to chapters are Charles I and William IV. Some of the 'captains' are Fairfax, Monck, Cromwell, Hawke and Dyott. Chamier's encounter when a midshipman with Byron is a welcome story from an unusual angle; he watched the poet swim the Hellespont and accompanied him on many expeditions thereabout.——A year later, in 1811, was born in India William Makepeace Thackeray who was so faithfully to mirror the nineteenth century English scene. THE SHOWMAN OF VANITY FAIR by Lionel Stevenson (*Chapman & Hall.* 21*s.*) is a detailed 'life' assembled with all the laborious research associated with American biographers. The author is free, however, from that sententious prolixity that is also a characteristic of theirs, and for this relief he is forgiven incongruities of spellings like 'labor' and 'offense' used in so British and literary a setting. Instead of being cluttered by footnotes and appendices—the index is all-embracing—this massive book has Thackeray's own drawings to embellish almost every page. So full of observation, idiosyncrasy and movement are they that perhaps in these attributes lies the answer to the riddle why this man "who regarded drawing as his best talent" should have become a novelist.

A wounded world

This decade of the twentieth century is much nearer to Bunyan's idea of Vanity Fair than to Thackeray's. Mr. Anthony Eden demonstrates how little the pilgrims have progressed when he opens his FREEDOM AND ORDER (*Faber & Faber.* 15*s.*) with a saying true enough to be a truism: "Our modern world suffers many grievous wounds. At times as we seek to probe and cure them, their multiplicity is baffling." Most of the speeches made between 1939 and 1946 by Britain's wartime Foreign Secretary are recorded in this book. They range over a wide field and are important as a complementary history of those years. The annotations at the beginning of each are a telescope

focussed on momentous but fast-fading events. Whether delivered to the House of Commons, the Moscow Conference, the Albert Hall or the Constitutional Club, they are all instinct with the attitude of mind expressed in his foreword: "I strove to use our contacts and our common cause to build the foundations of peace."

Counterparts

And so all men must say. A. C. Jenkins lifts some of the responsibility from the Anthony Edens when he writes:

> peace does not depend merely on governments making or breaking treaties, but just as much on ordinary people ceasing to look upon other nations as an impersonal mass of "foreigners" but as their individual counterparts instead.

This is from the foreword of DEAR OLGA (*John Lane, The Bodley Head.* 7*s.* 6*d.*). Mr. Jenkins served from 1942 to 1944 with the British Naval Mission to Moscow and not being able to confine his attention, as is fashionable now-a-days to the contentious statements of Soviet emissaries, he learned to know Russian families at work and play. The result is a collection of letters sent home, without military or political opinions which, while succeeding in their aim to show "that the Russian people are neither more nor less ordinary than we are," are full of entertainment as well.——Another exile, "for his amusement, and designed only for his perusal," wrote a diary from 1778 to 1789 kept by his family in manuscript until now. A JOURNAL BY THOS. HUGHES with an Introduction and Notes by E. A. Benians (*Cambridge University Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*) covers the American War of Independence after Hughes' regiment was sent to Canada as a reinforcement. Soon he was captured and for four years was a prisoner on parole. He used his comparative freedom for seeing the sights: New York, he hazards, may contain 4,000 houses. After 1783 he lived in France for a year and turned the same painstaking eye on the customs of the country, before rejoining his regiment in Canada. The editor and his collaborator, R. W. David, probably found the task of preparing the journal for the printer a pleasant one, for a naturally modest and likable personality shines from its pages.

Fresh Air

"Any other family farm would do just as well for a background to this book," say F. D. Smith and Barbara Wilcox, the authors of THE FAMILY FARMER (*A. & C. Black.* 10*s.* 6*d.*). But any other family farmer would not do for the writing of it. So much humour, common sense, patience, such effective economy of description, swift-drawn character, sardonic terseness could belong only to a Smith and a Wilcox, two whose work moreover shows neither join nor patch. Everyone, except them, will recognize Miss Williams and Joe, and all who love the country (romantics and landworkers too) will sniff the air of this book in deep breaths. To those who merely want to know how to run a family farm, immoral advice is tendered: read the end first.——And for country sights viewed through the angler's other eye there is MY RIVER by Wilfred Gavin Brown (*Frederick Muller.* 10*s.* 6*d.*). This is a book, quiet, serene as the backwaters of which it tells. Gull, kingfisher, wren, swan, kestrel, mallard, jay are to be seen against the differing clouds, and willow, holly, birch, hawthorn, oak, hornbeam beside its many streams. Naturally the fisherman is well placed in the landscapes for the catching of trout, chub, dace, roach but he is no disturber of this peace. Reginald Lionel Knowles' beautiful woodcut illustrations convey their own aura of tranquillity and so complete the book.

Little Miss Muffet

Sights not confined to the countryside are pictured in SPIDERS by W. S. Bristowe (*King Penguin.* 2*s.* 6*d.*) who begins disarmingly: "Spiders are a matter of taste." But that he is an enthusiast is soon evident; he has even collected

them: among other places on "... twenty-eight of the Scilly Islands and have found that their spider faunas range over a hundred species on the largest island down to one species on the tiniest spray-swept rocky islet." He disposes of superstitions and of fallacies (especially that one on the bathroom wall, when the beholder wails: '*Do* come. It's *enormous.*') and goes into loving detail about feeding and other hair-raising habits. But even the shrinkers will discern a certain beauty in the rituals of web spinning and of courtship, however grotesque. The plates and drawings are comprehensive and ensure that nothing Mr. Bristowe writes shall be left to the imagination.

Countryman's Verse

And grey with mist the spiders' lace
Swings in the autumn wind,

sings Andrew Young in THE GREEN MAN (*Jonathan Cape.* 3*s.* 6*d.*) and restores the equilibrium. His is the poetry of the naturalist, and the jottings in his notebook have almost a scientific conciseness. The reader can be sure that every one of the thirty-eight titles of the pieces here is apposite to its poem. Sometimes the appositeness degenerates into the too obvious, as with the lovely little

Speak of the birds, he lifts a listening finger
And ' chiff-chaff ' ' willow-warbler ' names each singer,
' Hedge-sparrow ' ' robin ' ' wren '; he knows their cries,
Though all are nightingales to his blind eyes.

To call this "The Blind Man" is to lessen its impact.

Contemporaries of Shakespeare

The happily named SILVER POETS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, edited with an introduction and notes by Gerald Bullett (*J. M. Dent: Everyman's Library.* 4*s.*) exactly fulfils the publishers' hope

CRIME AND BANDITRY, DISTRESS AND PERPLEXITY

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What the Bible says about the Box and the Bishops:

"And the temple of God was opened, ... and there was seen, ... the Ark (Chest or Box) of his Testament (or Will)".

"And round about the Throne were four-and-twenty . . . . . Elders (Bishops) sitting. . . . (and they) fall down and cast their crowns (their wisdom) before the Throne". — *Rev. xi., 19; iv., 4, 10.*

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Diabolical indeed

The hope that THE DEVIL AMONG THE TAILORS (*Macdonald.* 9*s.* 6*d.*) was going to turn out to be a bad dream of the 'hero' was dashed. Its author, Rearden Conner, knows how to increase a suspense that began rather artificially and has created a distinctive person in Henry Tweed, husband of the incredible Edwina, who nevertheless at times is dipped into caricature.——LES DIABOLIQUES, by Jules Barbey d'Aurevilly (*Paul Elek.* 12*s.* 6*d.*), may be called experiments in Don Juanism. It consists of six long short stories, with an introduction by Peter Quennell and drawings by Dodie Masterman. The rendering of this work of a "minor French romantic" of the 1800's so well matches the style of the introduction, that it may be assumed Mr. Quennell is himself the translator. This smooth, supple writing is the significant part of the book; love in lumps, and particularly lust, can be very boring.

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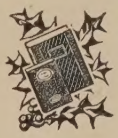

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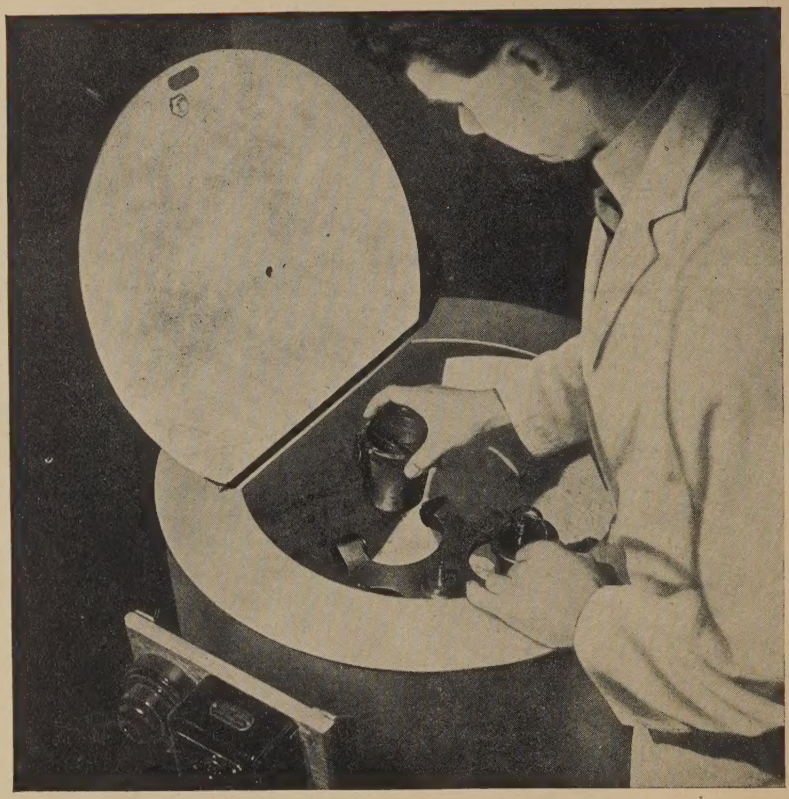

Merry-go-round

To take solid particles out of gravy or keep back leaves from tea, the housewife uses a strainer. The chemist, who often has to remove fine sediments from liquids, employs a funnel lined with a piece of porous paper. The pores are large enough to let the liquid through but too small for the solids, which are thus retained and ' filtered off '. Quite frequently however, the specks of suspended matter are so minute that they either choke the pores of the filter or pass straight through. It is, for example, useless to try to remove bacteria from contaminated water by filtration through paper. When particles of such extreme fineness have to be separated from a liquid, recourse must be had to a centrifuge, such as is shown in the illustration. The sample placed in a special cup is whirled round and round at perhaps two or three thousand revolutions a minute. Like holiday makers on a roundabout, the particles are swung outwards with gathering force, and eventually all are pressed to the bottom of the cup. The centrifuge is then stopped and the clear liquid is poured off, leaving the solid. Both solid and liquid can then be examined. The centrifuge is an invaluable piece of equipment in biochemical and bacteriological investigations. The British chemical industry was quick to harness this natural force in its efforts to provide better service to other manufacturers.

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